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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A SEAPORT DITTY.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befel you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one,—don't you?
Love him better than you say,
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you,
What's to be your wedding-day?"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories that you know!
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me:
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes,
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy!
I won't have your barrack-beau:
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?
Now I see the die is cast:
"And the day is—Monday next."—"No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last!"

MARY BROTHERTON.

BLANCHE LEVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM, &c., &c."

PART III.

The clocks of a small country place were chiming ten on a dark night, as one, dressed like a police-inspector, made his way across a piece of waste land. His destination was the Maze. The officer rang a loud peal at the outer gate, and a policeman, expecting who it was, came from the house in answer to the ring. He waited when they got inside; he knew he should be questioned. His superior closed the gate, walked up the garden path, and placed his back against a tree in the vicinity of the house.

"What have you learnt? Any clue to the assassin?"

The policeman dropped his voice to a whisper and began to answer, as though afraid the very trees might hear.

"Speak up," sharply interrupted the inspector; "the open air does not carry tales."

The man obeyed.

"It's a clear case, sir, as ever we came across; against Lady Level."

It takes a great deal to astonish a police-inspector, but the words certainly astonished the one in question.

"Against Lady Level!" he repeated. "His wife."

"She's the one, sir. But who'd think it, to see her? Only nineteen or twenty, and enough beauty to knock you over, with blue eyes that look you down in their haughtiness. She's dressed out like them high ladies do dress, in light blue silk, with her neck and arms uncovered. There's a gentleman with her now, some friend of the family, and he won't let us go on with our investigation. He came and stopped it, and said we were acting against Lord Level's wishes."

"But why do you suspect Lady Level?"

"Look here, sir. It's a sure thing that nobody got in; the doors and windows were safe when the house went to bed, and safe when it got up; there has been no robbery, or anything of that sort, and there's no suspicion to be attached to the servants; and then there's the facts themselves. The servants were roused up in the middle of the night by Lord Level's bell ringing violently, and my lady screaming, and when they got to his room, there he lay, fainted dead off, stabbed in two places, and she pretty near fainting too, and dropped down in a chair in her silk dressing-gown, and the knife it had been done with flung or carried into the chamber opening from it—"

"An unoccupied chamber?"

"Lady Level's: the one she had been sleeping in. Not a sign or symptom was there of anybody else being about, or of anybody's having been there. Her ladyship's version is, that she was woke up by Lord Level calling to her, and found him stabbed and bleeding: that's all she'll confess to knowing of it."

"And he?"

"He says nothing, as I hear, except that he won't have the police meddle with it. But as he's off his head, he mayn't know what he's saying."

"How does Lady Level account for the knife being in her room?"

"There it is," cried the man. "Whenever these violence-workers, let 'em be duchesses or chimney-sweeps, do a deed, and think they do it securely, there's certain to be some outlet where suspicion can creep in. They over-do it, or they under-do it. If anybody else had done it, and put the knife in her room, she must have seen it done. And why did she put it there? They have got a fatality on them and they can't help themselves; if she had dropped the knife in his room and not taken it to hers, things would not have looked so strong against her."

"But her motive for attacking him—her motive? Is any apparent?"

"They were on bad terms," said the policeman. "The servants heard a violent quarrel between them that night, previous to her going to her room."

The inspector mused.

"Did they tell you this, as confirmatory of their suspicions against her?"

"They don't suspect her," he replied.—"I and Cliff have drawn our own deductions by what they have said, and by self-observation."

"It appears scarcely credible that a young woman like Lady Level, hardly six months married, should attack her husband," observed the superior, as he moved from the spot. "Where are these servants?"

"In the kitchen, sir. This way. There's no establishment, because the family never live here. Lord Level came down and got his knee hurt in some way, and then my lady followed him, against his will, it's whispered, and sent for her maid and man-servant."

The lower part of a window, close to where they had halted to speak, was hidden by dwarf shrubs, and the ever-observant eye of the inspector, less observant, perhaps, in the darkness of night than at noonday, had failed to detect that it was open. Yet at this open window, listening to his words and drinking them in, stood Lady Level.

Partially standing, partially leaning against a strong arm which was thrown round her for her support—the arm of her early friend, Mr. Ravensworth—half fainting, she had listened to the words of the officers. Mr. Ravensworth, strangely perplexed and doubting—perplexed by the aspect things wore, yet unable to believe her guilty—had besought her to tell him the truth, whatever it might be.

She quitted Mr. Ravensworth as the men moved away; she leaned against the side of the window, shocked, indignant, terrified, as might have been seen from her countenance, had there been light to view it.

"Arnold, is this to be borne?"

He folded his arms. He felt for her deeply; were she connected with him by near ties of blood, he could not have been more anxious to protect her; but a strong doubt that she *might* be guilty, was working within him. He knew that she had received much provocation from Lord Level.

"How can they dare to entertain such suspicions? If they—if they—oh, Arnold, they never will arrest me!—they never will publicly accuse me!" she uttered, as a new phase of possibilities occurred to her.

"Blanche, listen. All that can be done for you, I will do; but I cannot work in this uncertainty. Tell me the truth; be it good or be it bad, I will stand by you; but, if I am to be of service to you, I must know the truth. Did you—did you"—he hesitated to put the question so pointedly—"was it you who struck Lord Level?"

"No. Have I not just told you so?"

"What you told me I do not understand.—You say you saw it done—"

"Then I did not see it done," she petulantly interrupted; and no more questions would she answer.

"Let me take you to the lighted room," said Mr. Ravensworth; "you are trembling with the cold."

"Not with the cold," was her reply.

The fire had gone low, but he stirred it into a blaze, and drew the easy-chair near it for Lady Level. He stood by, saying nothing.

"Suppose they should openly accuse me?" she began, after a silence. "Would they take me?"

"Blanche," he retorted, in a sharp, ringing, imperative accent, "are you guilty? Tell me, one way or the other, that I may know what to be at."

Lady Level rose and confronted him, her dark blue eyes wearing their haughty expression—for the first time, to him.

"You have known me for many years—known me well."

"I have."

"Then, are you not ashamed to repeat that question? *I* guilty of attacking Lord Level?"

"I would rather believe myself—I could as soon believe my own wife guilty of such a thing: but why have you equivocated with me? You have not told me the truth, as to what passed that night."

"He charged me not to tell."

"Five minutes ago you told me yourself you saw it done: now you say you did not. What am I to think?"

"In saying I saw it done, I spoke hastily; what I ought to have said was, that I saw who did it. And then, to-day, Lord Level insisted that I had been dreaming," she abstractedly continued. "Arnold, do you believe that we can see visions or dream dreams that afterwards wear to the remembrance the semblance of realities?"

"I wish you would not speak in riddles.—The time is going on, those men of the law may come in to accuse you, and how am I to defend you? I cannot, I repeat, work in the dark."

There was a long pause; Lady Level was deliberating with herself.

"It may be better that I tell you all."

"You know that you may trust me," he replied.

"I went to rest last night angry with Lord Level, for we had spoken irritating words to each other. I lay awake, I dare say, for an hour, indulging bitter thoughts, and then I dropped asleep. Suddenly something woke me; I cannot tell you what it was; whether it was any noise, or whether it was the opening of the door between my room and Lord Level's. All I know is, that door was wide open, and some one stood in it with a lighted candle. It was the strangest object, Arnold; it seemed to be dressed in flannel, flannel drawers and a flannel shirt, with long hair and wild eyes. In the confusion of the moment I believed it must be Lord Level, and I was struck with amazement, for Lord Level was not able even to turn in his bed without assistance, on account of the injury to his knee; and I thought how long his hair had grown—that was, you know, when I was between sleep and wake. It came across the room—"

"Blanche," he interrupted, "you speak just as if you were speaking of a vision. It!"

"That is what Lord Level says it was. Let me go on. It came across the room as far as the dressing-table. I started up in bed then, for I saw it was not Lord Level, the wild eyes turned upon me, and at the same moment Lord Level called out from his bed, apparently in agitation or pain. The figure dropped something, turned round, and darted back again through the open door to Lord Level's chamber, and I saw the candle fall from its hand to the floor, and the place was in darkness again, save what little light came from Lord Level's night-lamp. Terror overwhelmed me, and I cried out, and then Lord Level called to me by name. I ran to his room, flinging on my warm dressing-gown as I went, and there I found him hurt in some way, for he was bleeding from the arm and from the side. Arnold, as I live, as I breathe, that is the whole truth," she concluded, with emotion.

"Did you see the—the figure?"

"It was not there. I saw no trace of it. I remember I picked up the candlestick, for it was right in my path, and I screamed as I went in. I screamed worse when I saw the blood upon Lord Level. He grasped me by the arm, as I have told you, and kept me by him, and I saw how white he looked, and his brow was damp. 'What was it? what was that?' I exclaimed to him. 'Say nothing of what you have seen,' he answered: 'I charge you, nothing.' I don't quite know what I replied; it was to the effect that the house must be called and the figure seen after. He grasped my arm all the tighter; no wonder it is black; I thought he would have broken it. 'You are my wife,' he went on; 'my interests are yours; I charge you, by your duty and obedience to me, that you say nothing: bury this in silence, as you value your life and mine.' Then he fainted, and his hold relaxed, and I screamed out and the servants came; had my life depended on it, I could not have helped screaming. What had been dropped in my room proved to be the knife."

"This is a very strange account," exclaimed Ravensworth.

"It is so strange that I lose myself at times, wondering whether I was dreaming. But it was true, Arnold; it was true."

"Did the figure, as you call it, bear a resemblance to any of the servants? Was it one of them, man or woman, in disguise?"

"I am certain it was not. It was too tall and young for the steward, too short for Sanders; and as to the women servants, it is absurd to think of them in connexion with it. It had the strangest face; not, it seemed to me, like a human being's; I don't think it was one," abstractedly continued Lady Level.—"And it wore neither shoes nor stocking, and the white tapes of its flannel drawers were hanging about its legs."

"And you saw no signs of it afterwards?"

"None whatever. There were no traces, I tell you, of its having been there, save the injury to Lord Level, the knife, and the fallen candlestick. The candlestick was one left in Lord Level's room the previous night, so that it must have been seen, and lighted from his night-lamp. But, would you believe it, that Lord Level wants now to persuade me all this was a dream of the imagination?"

"That his wounds are?"

"Not his wounds, of course—or the found knife, but all the part that I saw. He ridicules the bare idea of what I say I saw, this strangely-dressed creature, looking like nothing human. He says he caught a full view of the man who attacked him; that he should know him again, that he was dressed in fustian, and was no more wild-looking than I am, and he suspects he was a poacher, who must have got in through one of the windows. Do you wonder that I fear to go to bed to-night? Whatever it may have been, ghost or man, or demon, if it came last night, it may come again."

Mr. Ravensworth pondered over the tale; and he could not help deeming it a most improbable one. But that traces of some mysterious presence had been left behind, he would have regarded it as her husband appeared to do—a midnight freak of Lady Level's imagination.

"Yet the wounds are realities," said Mr. Ravensworth, speaking aloud, in answer to his own thoughts.

"Arnold, it is all a reality. There are moments, I say, when I am almost tempted to question it, but in my sober reason I know it to have been true. When one, near and dear to us, is taken by death from our hearth, we have interludes in our sorrow, when we say to ourselves, 'Is it not a dream? has death really been busy?' but, all the while, a secret consciousness is with us that it is only too true, that we are but essaying to cheat ourselves. So it is with me in this; while I ask myself, 'Was it a dream?' I hold a perfect, positive conviction, that it was only too terrible a reality."

"I have heard," continued Mr. Ravensworth, still in abstraction, "of maniacs breaking loose from their places of durance and entering houses to do mischief in the dead of night. Blanche, did it look like a madman?"

"I never saw a madman, that I know of. This creature looked wild enough to be mad. There was one thing I thought curious, in connexion with the finding of the knife," proceeded Lady Level. "It was Timms who picked it up, while Sanders was gone for the surgeon, and she brought it into Lord Level's room, calling out that she had found the weapon. 'Why, that's Mr. Drewitt's knife,' exclaimed the house-girl, Deborah, as soon as she saw it; and the old steward, who had but just reached the room, asked her how she could assert such a falsity. 'It is yours, sir,' said Deborah; 'It's your new knife, I have seen it on your table, and should know it anywhere.' 'Deborah, if you repeat that again, I'll have you punished,' sharply called out the housekeeper, without, you understand, quitting Lord Level, to whom she was attending, to look whether it was or was not the knife. Now, Arnold," added Lady Level, "ill and terrified as I was feeling at the moment, a conviction came across me that it was his knife, but that he and Mrs. Edwards were purposely denying it."

"It is impossible to suspect them of attacking, or conniving at the attack on Lord Level."

"They attack Lord Level! they would rather attack the whole world combined, than that a hair of his head should suffer. They are fondly, blindly attached to him. And Deborah, it appears, has been convinced out of her assertion. Hark! who is that?"

It was the inspector, exploring the outlets and inlets, followed by his two men, who had done the same before him.

"I thought you had forbidden the search," cried Lady Level. "Why are they disobeying you?"

"Blanche, after what you have told me, I consider there ought to be a search."

"In opposition to Lord Level?"

"I think that Lord Level has not taken a sufficiently serious view of the case. The only solution I can come to is, that some escaped madman got into the house before it was closed for the night, and concealed himself in it—and is in it now."

"Now! In it now?"

"Most probably. The house has been on the alert since it happened, and he has not been seen to leave it. Madmen are more cunning than sane ones."

"And you would have gone away, and left me in it, Arnold!"

He smiled.

"You had not told me then what you have now. I shall go and speak to the inspector."

"Shall you tell him this?"

"Probably. Or part of it."

The inspector had evidently made up his mind that it was Lady Level, though he did not say so in so many words. Mr. Ravensworth repeated to him the substance of the account he had heard, and the officer, keen and practical, revolved the story to himself, and his faith grew in it. There were mysterious points about it he could not yet explain, but he deemed it of sufficient weight to justify a closer search of the premises.

Not a soul went to bed that night. Lady Level set the example by sitting up, and the servants followed it. Mrs. Edwards was in attendance on Lord Level; and the steward, who appeared most exceedingly to resent the presence of the police, shut himself in his rooms.

The inspector, accompanied only by Mr. Ravensworth, went about the house, looking here, there, and everywhere—but nothing wrong could they find or discover. Passing Lord Level's room, and down the long passage beyond it, which was divided by a door in the middle, they came upon another door, which was fastened. The inspector shook it.

"It must lead to the back rooms," he observed, "and they are uninhabited."

"I think these are the steward's apartments," observed Mr. Ravensworth.

Whose ever they were, nobody came to the door, and the inspector rattled it again.

It brought forth Mr. Drewitt. They heard him draw and fasten a chain, and then he pulled the door a few inches open, so far as the chain permitted him.

"Will you let us in? I must search these rooms."

"Search for what?" asked the old man. "I cannot have my rooms searched. This morning, after the alarm, I went over them, to be safe, and that's sufficient."

"Allow me to search for myself," returned the officer.

"No, sir," answered the steward, with dignity, "nobody comes in to search these rooms in opposition to the wish of my lord. His orders to me were, that the affair should be allowed to drop, and I, for one, will not disobey him, or give help to those who would. His lordship believed that, whoever it might be that attacked him, came in and went out again—the country might be hunted over, he said, but not his house."

"I must enter here," was all the answer reiterated to him by the officer.

"It shall be over my body, then," returned the steward, trembling with emotion. "My lord forbade a search, and you have no right whatever to proceed to it."

"My good man, I am a police detective."

"You may be detective-general for all I care," retorted the old man, "but you don't come in here. Get my lord's authority first, and then you are welcome. And I beg your pardon, sir," he added to Mr. Ravensworth, "but I would inquire what authority you hold from my lord, that you should set at nought his expressed wishes?"

The door was shut and bolted in their faces, and the inspector leaned against the wall to think.

"Did you notice his agitation?" he whispered to Mr. Ravensworth: "there's more in this man than meets the eye."

He called his men to him.

"There must be rooms on the ground-floor, looking to the back, as well as these: how are they led to?"

How indeed? It seemed a puzzle. They took lights and went to explore. Plenty of rooms looking to the front of the house and the two sides, but none to the back; or, if there were, they could find no entrance to them.

"We'll go outside at daylight, and have a look at the windows," said the inspector to Mr. Ravensworth.

Easier said than done. With the gray light of the November morning, they were out of doors, those two alone. A high wall, running from the house on either side, like two spreading wings, enclosed the garden at the back, and that wall was enclosed and sheltered by a grove of dwarf shrubs and tall trees. They found a door right in the corner, completely hidden by the shrubs before it. It was locked, and they went to Deborah for the key. She knew nothing about it, she said; she believed there was a key, but it was kept by Mr. Drewitt.

"I can undo the door, sir, if you want it undone," spoke up one of the policemen, who had heard the colloquy.

"Are you prepared?"

"All right, sir."

Whether he was possessed of a skeleton key or keys, he and his superior alone knew. He opened the door, and Mr. Ravensworth and the inspector entered. They found themselves in a large square plot of ground, gravelled, the whole enclosed by the high wall, by dwarf shrubs on this side of it also, and by more lofty trees. The windows of the back of the house looked into it, curious looking windows, long and narrow, most of them whitened over to obstruct the view, and all encased outside with strong iron bars. A small iron door was visible leading to the garden, but it was fast and firm, and there were no apparent means of opening it.

"Not much danger that he could have effected an entrance on this side," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, alluding to the mysterious visitant of the previous night.

The inspector was taking a survey and softly whistling to himself: now standing afar off to gaze up at the whole, and now peering in through the lower windows. Of course, being whitened, he had his trouble for his pains.

"It puts me in mind of a prison," cried Mr. Ravensworth.

"It puts me in mind of a madhouse," was the laconic rejoinder of the inspector.

They passed out, but Mr. Ravensworth lingered a minute behind the other. In that minute his eye was attracted to one of the windows on the floor above. It opened down the middle, like a French one, and was being shaken, apparently with a view to open it—and if you are well acquainted with continental windows, or windows made after their fashion, you may remember how long it has taken you to shake a refractory window before it will obey. It was at length effected, and in the opening, gazing with a vacant, silly expression through the close bars, appeared a face. Just such a face as Lady Level had described, with wild eyes and uncouth features, scarcely like a human being. But he had no long hair, and appeared to be fully dressed. He remained in view but a moment; the window was immediately closed again, Mr. Ravensworth thought by another hand. What was the mystery?

That there was one, there was little doubt, and that the steward, Mrs. Edwards, and Lord Level were privy to it. Were they keeping a madman there? But who was he? And had he broken loose that night from keeping, injured Lord Level and frightened his wife? Or was it some madman who had got in, and was concealing himself there with impunity, owing to the obstinacy of the old steward?

Mr. Ravensworth held his tongue, joined the inspector, and the gate was locked again. The latter took his departure, to return again later, and the former sought Lady Level. She had changed her dress for a morning one, but she looked wan and haggard.

"Lady Level, you must go with me up stairs."

"For what?" she asked.

"To make old Drewitt open his door. He will not do it for me, so you must try your authority. I want to get into those shut-up apartments."

Mr. Ravensworth was right. The steward did not presume to dispute Lady Level's mandate, which she gave somewhat imperiously. They found themselves in the old gentleman's sitting-room, and he placed chairs for them.

"I have not come to sit," said Mr. Ravensworth, "I have come to explore those further rooms."

"You must not do it, sir."

"I will," said Mr. Ravensworth. "I have authority to act from Lady Level, and these rooms I shall examine." He penetrated to an inner passage as he spoke, where a door barred his further progress. "I will go on, if I use force," he continued: "he who attacked Lord Level is concealed here."

"Are you an enemy of my lord's?" asked the old man greatly agitated.

"I do not wish to be an enemy to Lord Level, but I am the early friend of his wife, and in this business I will be her defender. An infamous suspicion has been cast upon her: I must do what I can to remove it."

"My lady," called out the old man, visibly trembling, "I appeal to you, as my lord's second self, to forbid this gentleman from entering these inner apartments. It must not be."

"Be firm, Blanche," whispered Mr. Ravensworth, as she came forward: "I must enter, and it is for your sake. Trust to me."

She turned to the steward.

"I am sure that Mr. Ravensworth is acting for the best. Open the door."

For one moment the old man hesitated, and then he wrung his hands.

"That I should be forced to disobey the wife of my lord! My lady, I crave your pardon, but I may not open these rooms."

Mr. Ravensworth bade her remain where she was, near the door. He then went to obtain the skeleton key from the policeman, one that would open any lock, and came back with it.

"Now," said he to Lady Level, "you will oblige me by going down stairs again to your sitting-room. Leave the rest to me."

The old man opposed him with all his feeble power, but he had lost courage.

"I am a determined man, Mr. Drewitt, when I believe that I am acting in the line of duty," remarked Mr. Ravensworth, as he undid the door; "I think there is no necessity to call the officers down stairs to aid me."

The rooms, very large, were but three, a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a bath-room, self-supplying. A staircase descended to those below. In one of them were some gardener's tools, but of a less size than a grown man in his strength would use, and by their side were certain toys, tops, hoops, ninepins, and the like. One of the rooms had no furniture, and in that, standing over a humming-top, which he had just set to spin on the floor, bent the figure; the figure Mr. Ravensworth had seen at the window, and the one, no doubt, which had penetrated to the rooms of Lord and Lady Level. He had a child's whip in his hand, and was whipping the top, and making a noise with his mouth in imitation of its hum.

Half madman, half idiot, he stood out, in all his deep misfortune, before Mr. Ravensworth, raising himself up and staring at him with a vacant stare. He was apparently young too, not more than twenty. The expression of Mr. Ravensworth's face changed to one of pity.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a kind tone. "What is your name?"

"Archie!" was the mechanical answer, for brains and sense seemed to have little to do with it; and, catching up his top, he backed against the wall, and burst into a distressing laugh. Distressing to a listener: not distressing to him, poor fellow. "Who is he?" asked Mr. Ravensworth of the steward, who had followed him.

"An imbecile."

"So I see. But what connexion has he with Lord Level's family?"

"He is a connexion, or he would not be here."

"Can he be—be—a son of Lord Level's?"

"A son!" returned the steward, "and my lord but just married! He never was married before. No, sir, he is none so near as that; he is but a connexion of the Level family—"

He came forward from the wall where he was standing, and held out his top to Mr. Drewitt.

"Do; do," he cried, spluttering as he spoke.

"Nay, Archie, you can set it up better than I: my back won't stoop well, Archie."

"Do; do," was the persistent request, and the top held out still.

Mr. Ravensworth took it and set it up again, he looking on it in greedy eagerness, slobbering and making a noise with his mouth. Then his note changed to a hum, and he whipped away as before.

"Why is he not put away in an asylum?"

"Put away in an asylum!" retorted the old man, indignantly: "where could he be put, to have the care and kindness that is bestowed upon him here? Imbecile though he is, madman though he may be, he is dear to me and my sister. We pass our lives tending him, doing for him, soothing him: where else could that be done? You don't know what you are saying, sir. My lord comes down to see him; my lord orders that everything should be done for his comfort. And do you suppose it is fitting that his condition should be made public? The fact of one being so afflicted is slur enough upon the race of Level, without its being proclaimed abroad."

"It was he who attacked Lord Level."

"Yes, it was; and how he could have escaped to the other part of the house will be a marvel with me for ever. My sister says I

could not have slipped the bolt of the passage door upon him as usual, but I know I did. He had been restless that day; he has restless fits, and I suppose he could not sleep, and rose from his bed, and came to my sitting-room. On my table there I had left my pocket-knife, a new knife, the blades bright and sharp; and this he must have picked up and opened, and found his way with it to my lord's chamber. Why he should have attacked him, or any one else, I know not; he never had a ferocious fit before."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Ravensworth.

"Never. He has been imbecile and harmless as you see him now. He has never disturbed us at night; he has, as I say, fits of restlessness when he cannot sleep, but he is sufficiently sensible to ring a bell communicating with my chamber if he wants anything. If ever he has rung, it has been to tell me he wants meat."

"Meat!"

The steward nodded.

"But I have never given it him. He is cunning as a fox, they all are, and were we to begin giving him food at night we must continue it, or have no peace. Eating is his one enjoyment in life, and he devours everything set before him—the kitchen-maid thinks I eat all that comes up, and sets me down as a cannibal. He has a hot supper every night; about a year ago, we got to think it might be better for him to have a lighter one, and we tried it for a week, but he moaned and cried all night long after his hot meat, and we had to give it him again. The night this happened he had had veal cutlets and bacon."

"Do; do," interrupted the imbecile, holding out his top again.

"I shall never be able to account for it, I say," proceeded the steward, "for he has never shown symptoms of violence. We put him in a warm bath yesterday, and cut his hair close, but I saw no ferocity about him. After attacking my lord, he must have come quietly back to his room, for I heard nothing and knew nothing, until Mrs. Edwards ran to awaken me and tell me what had happened. I looked after him: he was in his own bed, and burst out laughing when he saw me. 'I got your knife, I got your knife,' he called out, as if it were a feat to be proud of."

The steward stopped at an exclamation from Mr. Ravensworth. Lady Level, like a true daughter of Eve, instead of going down stairs as Mr. Ravensworth requested, had lingered to see and listen. Her curiosity was excited by Mr. Ravensworth's determination to enter these closed apartments, and by the steward's agitated refusal. She looked after them; growing bolder she followed them, cautiously peering here and there, and, guided by the sound of voices, she had gone down the stairs. She was standing now inside the door, her eyes fixed in affright at the object stooping there over his top. With a wild cry of alarm, she sprang for protection to the side of Mr. Ravensworth.

"Oh, Blanche! how could you come here?" he whispered.

"It is the same I saw! I know it is the same I saw!" she uttered in her terror: "but he had long hair then."

"He will not harm you," said Mr. Ravensworth. "Do not tremble. Reassure yourself. See: he is playful and imbecile, but not fierce."

"Who and what can it be?"

"My lady sees now why I could not permit these rooms to be entered," cried the steward, with a tone and air that seemed to say he washed his hands of the consequences. "It is a connexion of the Level family, my lady."

He whipped his top too hard and it ceased to spin. Catching it from the floor, he stalked up as before, "Do; do." Lady Level shrieked out as he neared her, and turned to fly from the room, drawing Mr. Ravensworth with her. The unfortunate being followed them up: "Do; do;" and Lady Level sobbed convulsively in her agony of terror.

"Set his top going for him," hastily exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth, as he tossed it to the steward. "I must take Lady Level from here."

That same day they stood round Lord Level's bed, who was then himself again; Lady Level, Mr. Ravensworth, the steward, and Mrs. Edwards. A scene of recrimination was going on: it had been told to Lord Level that the closed apartments had been penetrated, and he was abusing them all right and left.

"Go further off, every one of you," he suddenly exclaimed, in a lull of the storm, "I must speak alone with Mr. Ravensworth. Now then," he continued to him, as the rest moved away, "you must swear that what you have seen there shall never escape your lips."

"On the contrary, it is my intention to proclaim it," fearlessly replied Mr. Ravensworth. "The disgraceful suspicion that she was the attacker, has fallen upon Lady Level, and she must be cleared from it."

"I am obliged by the anxiety you express for Lady Level's interests," ironically rejoined the peer, "but I believe I am capable of taking care of them myself. Pshaw! she is my wife, sir; is not that sufficient?"

"Yes, my lord, if you will allow it to be: but this cruel suspicion has attached itself to Lady Level, and you seem inclined to let it remain upon her. I promised her father to protect her in this matter: if you will do it, my interference is unnecessary."

"Pray what may be your motive in all this?" demanded Lord Level, as sarcastically as before.

"Motive! My lord, I can have but one motive; Lady Level's comfort and welfare: and surely I may say your own, for your interests here are identical. It is imperative that this should be cleared up, and the truth made known abroad."

Lord Level lay, regarding him with a keen, searching eye: he saw that he had a spirit to deal with every whit as resolute as his own. "You look true-hearted enough," he exclaimed at length: "I have a great mind to make a confidant of you. Would you reply to it in a generous spirit?"

"No confidence placed in me was ever ill-repaid," replied Mr. Ravensworth.

"You harp upon this ridiculous suspicion, which you say has been cast to my wife: why, it would be rejected at once by any mind of common sense: her interests really lie, and mine also, in the matter being kept a secret."

"You say so to stop my mouth, Lord Level. It will not avail."

"No I don't. You must stop your mouth whether or not: and that shall be proved to you. Mrs. Edwards."

"My lord!" she answered, coming from the opposite room; and, at a sign he made, bending down her head to listen to some whispered words.

Then he waved her and Mr. Ravensworth away.

"And Blanche, do you come here," he added to his wife. He put out the hand and arm he was able to use, as she approached, and drew her close to him. "Do you wish this matter noised abroad?"

"I did wish it," she replied. "Think what it is for me to be suspected of such a thing! But if you are so very much opposed to it, why let it go untold."

"The best refutation, Blanche, will be our cordiality with each other."

"Your own conduct has put that out of the question," she returned, tears of pride and vexation filling her eyes.

"Don't be a little simpleton. What was it you said to me, the other night, about wanting a separation?—or else I imagined it in the fever. Have you ever thought, Blanche, what it is for a wife to be separated from her husband—separated by the law, so that they do not meet, and may not, if they would? A wife may entrench herself in her anger, while the legal steps are in progress; her temper, bitterly indulged, buoys her up and urge her son; but she does not reflect upon the future of her lonely days; her repentance, her sad, isolated state, far, far more bitter and more hopeless, more wearying than aught she had to put up with in her wedded life. Have you reflected on what it would be?"

Lady Level did not answer. Some such gloomy doubts had penetrated to her mind: and what with the fright she had undergone, and what with other things, she had a little cooled down from her heroics. He was her husband, after all, as she had said to Arnold Ravensworth.

"Blanche," he continued, drawing her half-reluctant face close to his, "you have something to forgive; but it is not as black as you think. I am not strong enough yet, but when I am we will have a long talk together."

"You cannot explain away what I saw and heard in London."

"I can explain away a dark part of it that you have wrongly got hold of: and don't I tell you, Blanche, you have something to forgive? We must live more for each other."

"If you would only treat me as you are doing now, with confidence, and not as though I were a child, I should have no wish but to live with you, and for you. What other wish had I when we married?"

"I know. Well—we must try and get along better for the future. But a man is not an angel of perfection, Blanche, or a woman either. If he has his failings, she has her aggravating temper."

"Oh, Lord Level! I am not ill-tempered."

"Not unless you get it in your head that you are provoked to be so, and then up it rises. Let us forget what has been amiss in the past, and do you forgive. Will you, love?" he softly whispered.

Her tears rained on his face as she kissed him. "Only let me see that you thus care for me, and you may make me what you will, Archibald."

Lord Level threw his arm round her waist and held her there. "What is there in this world, after all, like a true-hearted English wife," thought his lordship.

But where was Mr. Ravensworth? Listening to a tale of astonishment that went very near to make his hair stand on end. "We were abroad in Italy," Mrs. Edwards had said to him: "the late lord went for his health, which was declining, though he was but a middle-aged man, and I and my brother were with him, his personal attendants, but treated, sir, more like friends. The present lord, Mr. Archibald, named after his father, was with us—he was the second son, not the heir; the eldest son, Mr. Level—Francis was his name—had been abroad for years, and was then in another part of Italy. He came to see his father when we first got out there, but he soon left again. 'He'll die before my lord,' I said to Mr. Archibald; for if ever I saw consumption on a man's face, it was on Mr. Level's. And I remember Mr. Archibald's answer as if it was but yesterday: 'That's just one of your fancies, nurse: Frank says he has looked the last three years as he looks now.' But I was right, sir; for, before the death of my lord, we received news of the death of Mr. Level; and then Mr. Archibald was the heir."

"Did the late lord die in Italy?"

"He died at Florence, sir. My lord—I speak now of Mr. Archibald—was in no hurry to move from it, and we stopped there three months after his father's death. 'Level stops for the fine eyes of the Tuscan women,' the world said—but you know, sir, the world always was censorious; and young men will be young men. However, we were on the move: everything was packed and prepared for leaving, when there arrived a young woman, with some papers and a little child, two years old. Its face frightened me when I saw it; it was, as a child, what it is now as a man; and you have seen it to-day," she added in a whisper.—"'What is the matter with him?' I asked, for I could speak a little Italian. 'He's a born natural, as yet,' she answered, 'but the doctors think he may outgrow it in part.' 'But who is he? what does he do here?' I said. 'He's the son of Mr. Level,' she replied, 'and I have brought him to the family, for his mother, who was my sister, is also dead.' 'He the son of Mr. Level!' I uttered, knowing she spoke of Mr. Francis, 'then how can you, for shame, bring him here, and parade him off before us? we English don't recognize children that are not born in wedlock.' 'They were married three years ago,' she coolly answered, 'and I have brought all the necessary papers to prove it. Mr. Level was a gentleman, and my sister was a peasant; but she was beautiful and good, and he married her, and this is their child. They died within two months of each other.'"

"Was it true?" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

"It was true, sir, every word she said. I remarked that it was strange Mr. Level should not have mentioned it to his family, but she said he was ashamed of the child, not being like others, and he did not think he was going to die. He would say when he had a boy born worthy of being shown to his father, then he would declare it, she told me; and one morning he got up in his usual health, broke a blood-vessel, and was gone in an hour. The woman left, the child and the papers with my lord; that he might have his rights, she said, though in evident ignorance what those rights were; and she left again the same evening."

"Then that—that—poor wretch down there," pointing with his hand to the back apartments, "is the true Lord Level!"

"Had my lord not desired me to inform you of this, I should have shrunk from it," returned Mrs. Edwards. "That unfortunate creature is the true Lord Level!"

"The present peer no peer—a usurper!" murmured Mr. Ravensworth to himself. "What a secret!" he uttered aloud.

"Sir, you will be true to my lord and keep it," she returned, with a dignified but yet a half-defiant glance, born of her love to Lord Level.

"I have no right to betray it," he slowly replied. "It has been confided to me, and I will hold it sacred. But I wish I had not known it."

"My lord kept on the title, kept on his vestiges of rank and fortune, as if he had been the true peer, which he had believed himself to be. There was great excuse for this," she impressively added, "for the poor little thing was a helpless imbecile, and we none of us thought it would live through the year. Our plans were changed then, and I and my brother stayed abroad with the child. He got no better, but he lived on, and was hearty, and when he was five years old we brought him here; and here he has ever since been. It would have been a hard thing, almost a sin, for my lord to have divested himself of his rank and wealth for one who could not understand the one or enjoy the other. Archibald has every kindness shown him, he wants for nothing, and my lord upholds the honors of his house. I and my brother have acted throughout under my lord's orders, and we have not repented it, for it seems to us that it would be a cruel wrong to dispossess him for a being so fated."

"Is it a secret to the neighborhood, his being here?"

"Sir, you might have gathered that. Even Deborah has no idea of it whatever. And it is well that it should be so, for prying questions, though they could do no harm, would not be pleasant. My lord, my brother, and myself, are the sole keepers of the secret."

"Has she informed you?" demanded Lord Level, when Mr. Ravensworth returned to him.

"Of all."

"You perceive then why I have trusted you; why it is expedient that the existence of Archibald should not be suspected."

"I do. I shall tell my friend, the inspector, that I have become a convert to Lord Level's view of the mystery, and am firmly persuaded the intruder was no other than a poacher."

"You must not betray it to Blanche. I have told her he is a poor relation taken care of in the house to avoid disgrace, and she is satisfied. Ravensworth, you will forget this tale; if not for my sake, for that of Blanche, and the children she may have."

"On my good faith as a man," replied Mr. Ravensworth. "There's my hand upon it."

"A pretty fellow you are, to send on an errand of life and death," grumbled Major Carlen when Mr. Ravensworth got back to London. "A whole night and a day away, and I waiting upon thorns! What the dickens kept you?"

"We were looking after the fellow."

"Was it Blanche did it?" whispered the old man, with compressed lips.

"Blanche, indeed! No, that it was not, and you ought to take shame to yourself, major, for suspecting her."

The major brightened up, and swung on his trailing cloak more jauntily.

"Then who was it?"

"Some scapegrace of a fellow, who managed to get in. Lord Level says he should know him again."

"And are my lord and lady at loggerheads still?"

"Not a bit of it. I left them better friends than they ever were."

"Hurrah!" shouted the practical major, "then I shall hope for some more tin out of him when I'm hard up; if Blanche had turned against him, there was good-by to it. But women are not such fools to act, as they are to talk; and, talk as fast as they will, they generally come down right, in the long run."

THE END.

THE UNITED STATES MINISTER GONE TO PEKIN.—By the following extract from a private letter written by W. L. G. Smith, Esq., Consul at Shanghai, it appears that Mr. Ward, the American Minister, has proceeded to Pekin. The letter is of a date later than any newspaper accounts. After giving an account of the battle between the English and Chinese, Mr. Smith says:

"In the meantime the American Minister and suite were aboard the Powhatan, and on the 26th received intelligence that a *high* Mandarin specially deputed by the Emperor, was waiting to receive him a few miles off, to escort him to Pekin. Mr. Ward, of course, availed himself of this civility of the Chinese government, and on July 5th, proceeded, under an escort of Tartar cavalry, to Pekin, where I presume he now is, and has ere this exchanged ratifications of the new treaty in the Imperial capital. The Russian Minister has been in Pekin some days, and the Secretary of the Governor-General of Siberia (Russian) also reached here on the 9th inst., with a letter to me from the Governor-General, saying that their treaty had been ratified. I hear that the British and French Ministers return here *without* exchanging ratifications."

The previous accounts stated that the American Minister had gone, after the battle, to the north branch of the Peiho, as previously directed by the Chinese, and had there been promised an immediate passage to Pekin. Therefore the above from Consul Smith is very probably true.

☞ Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—*Penn.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Be Content with The Present;" "Toll;" "To Laura;" "Old Friends;" "To Violet;" "Asleep."

OUR CONTINUED STORIES.—Our old readers will observe that we have more continued stories in THE POST of late than is our custom. The reason is this. We must either publish Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and Reade's "Good Fight," now, or never. Stories for which we are indebted, as we are for these, to the English periodicals, must, for evident reasons, be used at once, or not at all. We hesitated when they appeared, as to what we should do—but finally concluded that it was better to encumber our columns a little with them, than not to lay such choice productions before our readers. We may safely say that there is not another periodical in the country—weekly or monthly—which has five such serials running through it as "My Brother's Wife," "Blanche Level," "A Good Fight," the "Tale of Two Cities," and "Our Farm of Four Acres."

CHINA.

It is even yet difficult to determine how far the recent renewal of hostilities in China, was the result of the bad faith of the Chinese authorities, and how far the consequence of too great haste and suspicion on the part of the allied French and English ambassadors. It is evident that the latter knew of no other entrance to the Peiho river than that which they found blocked against them; but whether the Chinese knew of this ignorance on their part, and resolved to take advantage of it to put them seemingly in the wrong, or whether they supposed that what they themselves were so well informed of, everybody else must know, is a question rather difficult at present to determine. For our own part, we incline to the belief that the Chinese planned for just such a result as has taken place—and that they are now congratulating themselves, (rather prematurely, it may be,) upon the success of their subtle scheme.

But, however wrong, or however right, the Celestials may be in this particular case, we are clearly of the opinion that on the whole, they are an injured and ill used people. Going back to first and main causes, what is really the great offence of the Chinese? Simply this, that they continue to make up yearly a heavy balance of trade against the civilized world, which has to be paid in the precious metals, or rather in one of the precious metals, silver. That is their great and real offence, which cannot be compromised. England does not desire especially to drug them with her opium; her Christian merchants—who, like those of Tyre, are princes, the great men of the earth—do not find any particular delight in furnishing the Chinese with what enfeebles and degrades both body and mind: but, as a set off against the Chinese teas and silks, there is very little that China wants but the aforesaid opium, and so she must take that, no matter how reasonably the wiser and better portion of the population object to the importation. Relative to this drain of silver to China, owing to the balance of trade being always heavily in her favor, hear an able commercial contemporary of this city, which looks at the question from the English and mercantile point of view:—

In treating the present Chinese difficulty, the right of the western nations to stand on a footing of commercial equality with them must not be forgotten. This equality does not now exist, nor can it exist while commerce is on a basis so unequal as it is now. The Chinese are not benefited by the burial of all the silver the world has ever found, and it is our duty to avert this loss, which benefits nobody. * * * In this problem of intercourse with the half barbarous east there is great intrinsic difficulty. The whole course of commerce binds us to their fortune even more than they are bound to us. But for the profuse production of gold for a few years past, the abstraction of silver to the east would have been felt with excessive severity, and, since our commercial demand for tea and silk is one which no home policy could control, we should have sent our last dollar to the bottom of that all-absorbing depth before the export could have been checked. It is estimated that about five hundred millions of dollars in silver have gone to India and China since the commencement of the last gold-producing period, or within eleven years. Yet what progress has either division of the east made in wealth in that time? India is far poorer than she was a quarter of a century since; not, of course, because silver has gone there, but because of great political and social changes which have broken the nations utterly to pieces. The precious metals absorbed in this time have been lost in the decline of civilization. In China they have fallen upon a social state less rapidly decaying, yet the vast sums absorbed have stimulated no improvements, so far as we can learn. It is a marked and decisive proof of the radical reform demanded in the east, that they operate as such a deadly drain on western wealth, without being benefited by the absorption themselves.

There, in a nutshell, our readers have the cause and the justification, as it is considered, of the recent political movements relative to China. Europe wants, and will have, the products of China—China insists upon having Silver in exchange, to the extent of many millions of dollars a year—such a demand is "a deadly drain on Western wealth," without being any benefit (as it is argued) to the Chinese.

The morality of this logic will be apparent to every one whose conscience is not merely of the shop-keeping order. Suppose we apply it to the dealings of civilized nations among themselves. England manages somehow, to have a heavy balance of trade yearly against the United States, which balance has to be paid with the precious metals. This, as we may please to think, injures us, and does not help her. Therefore she should be forced, by an armed expedition, to agree to take out the yearly balance against us in breadstuffs, provisions, or domestic manufactures.

Suppose such a demand should be made upon our English friends, in the spirit of their demands upon China, what would be their answer? Would it not be somewhat like this:—"If you do not wish to pay the piper, why have the dance? if you do not want to pay the bill at the end of the year, you should do without the goods? We take of you what we wish, and we will have the balance in the precious metals, or we will cease selling to you."

And what answer could be more reasonable? If we do not wish to pay for what we buy, the cure is not to buy it. If the drain of silver to pay for the Chinese teas is a fatal injury to the civilized nations, then let the civilized nations either grow their own teas, or do without teas. If the American people are not willing to pay for English cloths and French silks with the precious metals, then let them manufacture their own cloths and silks, or do without them. Millions of as good men as we are have lived without teas, and without costly cloths and lustrous silks, and lived nobly, wisely and powerfully—let us imitate their example.

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

But this is precisely what the Christian nations of the earth are doing continually to their weaker brethren. And what a continual block it is in the way of the conversion of the world! Christianity has now attained such a pre-eminence, it is so like a city set on a hill that cannot be hid, that it needs nothing more than a practical illustration of the self-denial and forbearance enjoined by their religion on the part of the Christian nations, to convert the world. Missionaries would scarcely be needed: the bright example itself would shine with a more convincing power than that exerted by ten thousands of missionaries into all the dark places of the earth. But what can an intelligent heathen think of such morality as that which we are commenting upon? Where is there a nation of idolaters whose precepts would not rebuke such morality as that!

As to the recent bloody tragedy at the river Peiho, we regret greatly the course of the American commander and the American minister on that occasion. It was a departure, in a moment of excitement, from a line of peaceful policy which has reflected honor upon the American name. Blood may be thicker than water, as Com. Tatnall said, but Great Britain and the United States are two nations, and not one. We have our own wise, fair, peaceful, and Christian policy in this matter, and it was too important to be thus imperilled. To succor the English wounded was one thing—but to tow up the English reserves to the scene of action, was to take a side in the affray. It seems to us to have been a great error—one which may seriously imperil the labor of years.

We would not deny that there is much difficulty in dealing with barbarous and half-civilized nations—but Christians should be patient with their heathen brethren, if for no better reason than that the difficulty is one chiefly of their own making. It is the result of a long series of selfish and unjust actions perpetrated by the civilized nations upon their more ignorant and weaker brethren. In almost every case where civilized and uncivilized men have first come into contact, the latter have been disposed not only to respect, but even to reverence the former. But the lust of gold and of land, the continual covetousness of the so-called Christians, and its general results, robbery and murder, have produced their natural fruits, suspicion and hatred. It was so with the aborigines of North and South America. The success of the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and of the Roman Catholics in Canada and Brazil, in conciliating the native tribes, and making them fast friends, proves what might have been done in all cases. And that the Chinese could have been persuaded to do everything that the Christian nations have a just right to demand, we have not a particle of doubt. But as long as Christians, so called, do not limit their claims to what is just and right, but manifest the same unfairness and covetousness which they generally have manifested in their dealings with the heathen, they must not wonder to see the cross trampled under foot as an emblem of rapacity and greed. It is but natural that the heathen should judge the religion by those who profess it—although in so doing they err greatly. How melancholy then it is to see the organs of large religious denominations, rejoicing that an entrance is opened for Christianity into heathendom by cannon balls, when they might see that the balls which batter down the material bars, raise up a thousand fold more potent spiritual bars in millions of heathen hearts. Where are the converts of the Church in British India—opened in that way to missionary efforts? They are not as numerous as the births of a single hour. Oh, if the influence of the churches, which is mighty, were but directed upon the public opinion and governments at home, so that no unfair demands should be made upon the heathen nations, but that we should deal with them in all justice, and with all Christian moderation and patience, even as elder brothers with younger, the result would be an accession to the Christian fold not only of hundreds yearly, but of thousands and millions. The hostile gates of exclusion would melt away of themselves, so soon as it was found that the strangers meant no robbery, nor other form of harm, but simply good. See how Japan is once again opening before mild and peaceful influences. The half-civilized long to become civilized—it is natural to the heart of man to desire to become wiser—and they only wish to be certain that no injury is intended them, to throw open their doors to the bright light of civilization. And with the civilization of the Christian nations, will enter their religion, if they will only act like Christians. This is the true mode of commencing the conversion of the heathen. All else, without this, will amount to little. The old policy, which is still the present policy of Europe, may impoverish and exterminate, but it cannot evangelize and enlighten. And if these views be correct—and what Christian can deny it?—should not the religious sentiment of this country, and of Europe also, demand at once an action corresponding therewith?

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

Dusseldorf is a small and inconsiderable town in the German Duchy of Berg, but larger places have not so wide a fame, for in Dusseldorf the fairest and most conspicuous flower of German art unfolded, and its fragrance now fills Christendom.

Who, indeed, has not heard of the pictures of the Dusseldorf School? Even Mrs. Potiphar, in the brilliant Curtis's "Potiphar Papers," has visited the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York, and thinks Mr. Dusseldorf must be very smart to paint so many pictures!

Of the smartness of Mr. Dusseldorf we have a present example, for seven of these famous pictures are now on exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts in this city. All lovers of art need not be urged to pay them a visit, and many people who have not the artist's or connoisseur's regard for pictures, and are rather repelled than otherwise by the works that ordinarily decorate the art gallery, will be attracted and pleased by the plain truth and beauty, and the simple and real fidelity to nature, which distinguish these paintings.

The great picture of the exhibition is the "Martyrdom of Huss," a large canvas filled with the pathetic tableau of a great tragedy, and forming a document in the history of religious liberty. The story of Huss is well known. He was a pioneer of the Reformation, and was burned at the stake on the 6th of July, 1415, just outside of the city of Constance.

In the picture he makes the central figure, and the mind of the gazer never forgets him, however the eye may wander among the crowd of his executioners and the group of pitying spectators. He kneels upon a little eminence, his upturned face rapt in the fervent ecstacy of his dying prayer, and the soft sultry light of a clouded sky full upon him. To the left, a little above him, is the stake, a tree stripped of its branches, around which are piled bundles of straw and faggots. In front of it stand the doomsmen, dusky and cruel figures, with long poles on the top of which burn torches, that send volumes of brown smoke into the misty air. Below the stake is a group of spectators, in various attitudes of interest and pity. Behind the martyr, is a procession of armed citizens, brutal and vulgar, and below them on the right a group of nobles and ecclesiastics, mounted on horseback, with the Duke of Bavaria in front of them. Over all the scene is shed the soft light of a clouded sun, and a sultry haze fills the distance, through which loom the spires of Constance. Softer than that light whose tender rays soften the harsher features of the scene, and subdue the evil passions on the faces of the murderous throng, is the feeling of supreme sweetness and noble pathos which the kneeling figure of the dying saint sheds over all. The pallid face, lit from within with spiritual glory, and sincere and brave even unto death, becomes the key to the whole, and interprets and reconciles all else beside. The gazer cannot but be struck with the unity of the picture—all its various details contributing to the one impression it leaves in the mind.

Viewed artistically its merit is remarkable. It is undoubtedly a master-piece of the school. The head of a travelling friar in the foreground on the right—a ruddy, sun-baked, vascular pate it is—is wonderfully well done. So among the spectators, is the head of a friend of Huss, a Bohemian peasant, who scowls from his wild hair, with a face of swarthy gloom and hate, at the Duke of Bavaria. There is exquisite truth and reality, too, in the figure of the fat burgher on the left, with his dull, kind face, not very active in sympathy, yet humane, and evidently touched by what is going on before him. But, not to particularize, all the figures are grandly conceived and executed, and every one tends to make the picture deeply effective.

Some of the other paintings are fine. "A Storm on the coast of Sicily" is very picturesque. Wild rocks, a thoroughly angry sea, chopping and jumping, and over the mob of billows, golden splendors bursting from the purple gloom of broken clouds. The effect of this picture is singular. "A Castle invaded by the Puritans," is another fine work, full of reality, and telling a whole story. "The Poacher's Death," is a vivid dramatic picture, full of life, and strength, and motion; while for broad humor and comic satire, "The Student's Exami-

nation," is inimitable. The variety of pompous, pragmatical, oppositive, consequential, and bullying faces among the professors, in this piece, is delightful.

These are popular pictures, and we can hardly imagine anybody that will not like them. The visitor may depend upon much enjoyment in their contemplation, if our own experience is any criterion. Let every one then go and see the works of *Mr.* Dusseldorf!

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Quelquechose Malheur Est Bon.

Having made my way up stairs to Therese's room, I found it, though humble, very clean, and the poor girl very glad to see the little bundle of sewing I brought her, and still more rejoiced at an offer, of which I was the bearer from a friend of mine in the country, who is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who need one, and who had empowered me to engage Therese to go to her for a month, to get through with a quantity of sewing and mending, taking little Pierre with her. This little move—a great one for Therese and her child—was to be made the following week; and took place, as arranged, to the satisfaction of my friend, and the great benefit of the young mother and her son, who came back from the fresh air and abundant diet they had been enjoying, looking quite like other people.

From this time I frequently saw Therese, and gradually learned the facts of her simple history. She had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had lived as servant in the house of a farmer between whose son and herself an attachment had sprung up. The young man wished to marry her, but his parents refused to allow him to do so, saying that he might find a better "*parti*." The young man's mother died soon after this refusal, and the young man, Pierre Blanc by name, "drew a bad number," and was drafted off into the army and sent to Algeria, where he was attacked with fever and died after a brief illness. Such, at least, was the communication made to Therese by the farmer, who, thereupon turned her out of his house, forbidding her ever to cross its threshold; and the friendless girl—not sixteen when her child was born—and keenly sensitive to the contempt and ill-will with which she was now regarded in the village, took the desperate resolution of coming to Paris, where she thought she could live unseen of all who had ever known her, and get work for her own support and that of her child.

Of the child's father she thought still with the tenderest affection. "He meant no harm, and if he had lived he would have done the right thing by Pierre and," was her sole comment on the past; and me the bringing-up of her child honestly, and as she thought its father would have approved, was the sole idea she seemed to have for the future.

The excellent conduct of this young woman, and her entire devotedness to her child interested me much; and as she executed with skill and punctuality all the sewing entrusted to her, I found it no very difficult matter to secure for her, among my friends, as much work as she could manage to attend to. Living, as she did, so near my own place of residence, she was often at my house; sometimes bringing home sewing she had done for me, at others, being sent for to lend an occasional hand in the kitchen when company was expected, or any other household emergency rendered a little assistance necessary. On such occasions Therese was invariably accompanied by her child, now becoming a handsome and intelligent little fellow, and rapidly approaching the epoch at which he was to be sent to the public school of the quarter in which we lived. The child had, meantime, struck up a warm friendship with the two little sons of the portress, who were about his own age, and never failed to pass an hour or two in playing with them in the court below whenever he came with his mother to my house.

Things were in this state with my pretty little *protege* when the late Italian war broke out; the sudden awaking of martial ardor, and the prominence thereupon given to the army and everything relating to it, reviving the memory of Therese's old sorrows, and calling up all her former regrets.

"My poor Pierre was so strong and so brave that he must have made a first-rate soldier," she would say, wiping away a few tears; "and who knows what he might not have become had it pleased God to spare his life!"

The sight of soldiers had thus a depressing effect upon Therese; and though she never failed, when a body of troops happened to march by, to lift little Pierre in her arms, and cause him to salute them with his hand for the love of the father he had never known, she, herself, after these rencontres, was always sad and silent for the rest of the day.

When the campaign was brought so suddenly to an end, and it was known that the returning troops would make their triumphal entry into Paris, my servants, as a matter of course, were agog to witness a spectacle which it was known that the government and the municipal authorities intended should surpass in splendor all the pageants hitherto seen in this gay capital; and having equally as a matter of course, obtained permission to witness the proceedings, invited Therese to accompany them. But Therese declined this invitation. The sight of the serried ranks among whom her lost soldier would so probably have been, had not his career been so suddenly cut short, was more than she could bear; and she had made up her mind to stay in-doors with little Pierre, quite out of the way of sights and sounds that could only have caused her useless pain.

"If it be so," I replied, when my maid had taken an opportunity of imparting to me the young sempstress's refusal and its motive, "get Therese to come here and stay with Pierre while you are all out. She will perhaps feel less lonely and unhappy than in her own little room; she can get things ready for the cook's return, and let her stay and dine with you, so that the day may not be altogether a sad one for her after all."

This arrangement was gratefully accepted by Therese, who came to us early on Sunday morning, prepared to mind the house during the absence of its usual inmates.

Of the decorations of this gay capital on that bright August day, the triumphal arches spanning the Boulevards, the flags, streamers, garlands, draperies, and mottoes stretching across the streets, fluttering from the balconies, and depending across the bright fronts of the white freestone houses, with their carvings, and gildings, and broad gateways filled with platforms for the accommodation of those who could pay for sittings;—of the colossal statue of Peace at the entrance of the beautiful Rue de la Paix—the velvet hangings, embroidered with gold, the lofty, elegant pillars surmounted with gilded victories, holding crowns of gilded laurel-leaves in their outstretched hands—of the Place Vendome, transformed into a magnificent drawing-room, with a raised dais for the Empress and her suite, and tiers of velvet-covered benches for the various great bodies of the State, the Ambassadors, and other favored mortals possessing a prescriptive right to admission to this crowning point of the gay scene, it were needless to enter on a description here. Equally needless were it to enlarge upon the vastness and good-humor of the crowd that was packed, in one dense mass, to the number of some five hundred thousand on the pavements skirting the line of march, from the Place de la Bastille, where the Emperor, with his magnificent staff, met the entering troops, to the Place Vendome, whither he preceded their advancing lines, and remained, on his fine bay charger, with his staff—a mass of plumed hats, ribbons, and orders also on horseback—while the sixty thousand troops, chosen to represent their absent brethren, defiled before him.

This splendid pageant, with its bands of wounded and convalescents, the cannon and colors that had played the most conspicuous parts in the brief but bloody drama then brought to a close, the splendid accoutrements of the Guard, the worn and faded uniforms of the indomitable troops of the Line—the bronzed faces and brawny limbs of the Zouaves—the ebon skin of the Turcos, in such striking contrast with their white turbans and glittering teeth, but harmonizing so well with their dark blue jackets and oriental trowsers,—the acclamations that rent the air, almost drowning the music of the military bands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the avalanche of bouquets, and the hurried embracings of the soldiers by friends watching for them in the crowd, and darting out upon them to kiss and hug them for a moment as they marched by—all this has been already described too fully to call for repetition here. Suffice it to say that, the brilliant celebration over, the violent showers which had fallen during the day being succeeded by the brightest sunshine, we secured the first empty *voiture* that could be found, and drove home, rejoicing not a little at the thought of the rest and dinner awaiting us, after the excitement and fatigue of the day.

Arrived at the house, I was startled by seeing my portress, with a face of great consternation, and evidently on the look-out for my return. From her I learned that little Pierre, who had been left with her children, as usual, to play in the court, when his mother went up to my apartment, was missing; and that his mother, beside herself with anxiety and terror, had rushed off to look for him some hours before, and had not been heard of since.

It appeared that the children of the portress, who were longing to see the entry, had slipped off, unknown to their mother, and had gone away in the direction of the Boulevards, taking little Pierre with them: but getting frightened at the dense crowd, amidst which they had found themselves, as they neared the line of the procession, they had made the best of their way home again, but without Pierre, from whom they had been separated in the crowd, and of whom they had lost all trace in an instant.

Seeing at once how difficult it would be for Therese to recover her child by her own unaided exertions, I drove at once to the nearest police-station, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the matter was in the right hands, and that the lost child would at once be searched for in every quarter of Paris, and restored, as soon as found, to its mother. But so many accidents might have happened to it, and so many terrible tales of children being kidnapped, rushed into my mind, that I could not doubt but that poor Therese must be in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

To think of finding Therese, in her wild rush in search of the child, was, of course, out of the question. I sent a message to the people of the house in which she lived, desiring them to let me know when she returned, as I supposed she would do, if only to know if her child had found his way home during her absence; and waited, with great anxiety, for news of the two fugitives.

Late in the evening, a message came, saying that Therese was at home, but still without news of the child; and that she "was like a mad thing," and bent on going out again to look for it, a proceeding which could, evidently, do no good whatever.

So I put on my bonnet and shawl, and taking a servant with me, followed the messenger, as quickly as I could, and hastened up-stairs to Therese's room.

The poor girl was, in fact, almost beside herself: and it was not without great difficulty, that I at length persuaded her to remain quietly at home, and trust to the intelligent activity of the police-authorities, whose service is so admirably organized here, and who, thanks to the city-telegraph, hold instantaneous communication with *every quarter* of the town. With some trouble, too, I persuaded her, at length, to take some nourishment, of which she stood sorely in need; but such was her state of excitement and distress, that I really could not bear to leave her alone in her misery, but determined to remain there with her through the night, if no news were had of the child. Every half hour, my servant went to the police-office, which was luckily close by; but, half hours, and hours, succeeded one another, and still no tidings had been heard of him.

By this time, the news of the child's disappearance was known to all the neighbors; and several zealous volunteers had been busily searching all the streets through which the children had passed on their unlucky expedition. These, however, came back, one by one, as the night wore on; but none had been fortunate enough to recover the child.

It was now late; the clocks had just tolled one, and the stillness of the streets was only broken by an occasional footfall. In Therese's little chamber, only her heavy, passionate, sobs were audible, from time to time, as she raised herself out of her chair to listen, and fell back again, heart-sick, and despairing. The night was sultry, and the window, therefore, remained open.

Despite my earnest sympathy for the poor young mother, and my sincere anxiety respecting the safety of the child, I was just becoming conscious of a growing stiffness of the eyelids, when I heard a sound of feet and voices coming down the street, and followed by a loud ring at the house-door. More like the bound of a panther than the movement of a Christian woman, was the spring with which Therese leapt from her chair, and down the lofty stair-case, as her ear took in these welcome sounds.

Surely the child was found! But in what case? "Safe and well, let us hope!" was my mental ejaculation, as I hurried after her retreating figure.

We reached the *porte cochere* just as the porter had pulled it open, in obedience to the noisy summons from without; and a shout of welcome from that functionary, his wife, and several tenants of the house, who had put their heads out of the window, in sympathy with the supposed cause of this late appeal to the door-bell, accompanied the entrance of a tall, fine-looking young soldier, who was just entering the court, with the missing child seated in triumph on his shoulder, and a group of soldiers and policemen following close behind.

Therese had rushed forward, in her wild joy to seize her child; but stopped, half fainting, as she caught sight of the young soldier's face.

"Pierre!"

"Therese!"

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. The young soldier who thus brought back the missing child, and in whose strong arms the poor, forsaken girl was now clasped so tenderly, was, as my readers have doubtless divined already, no other than her long-lost lover, Pierre Blanc, whose death had been merely an "invention" of his father to separate him from Therese.

Over the rest of this little history it is needless to dwell. I will merely add that Pierre, ignorant of Therese's abode and circumstances, had been unable to write to her; he knew that it was useless to send messages to her through his father, who would never have delivered them.

After spending a few years in Algeria, Pierre's regiment had been ordered to Italy, whence it had returned just in time to take part in the entry of that memorable day. As he marched by, Pierre saw a child, who had found its way to the edge of the pavement, and into the middle of the street; and just as the *Sergeant de Ville* was going to put it back into the crowd, he had picked up the child and set it on his shoulder. Being near the barracks where his regiment was to dine, Pierre, between whom and the child a mutual affection had soon sprung up, kept the little fellow with him to share his dinner; and being one of the actors in a play got up by his company during the evening, had not been able to carry home his little charge at an earlier hour.

The joy of all parties at this unlooked-for meeting may be easily imagined. Pierre, who stood very well in his regiment, lost no time in repairing the shortcomings of his youth. The marriage of this humble couple, so strangely re-united, took place as soon as the formalities of the French matrimonial law could be gone through with; and gave more sincere satisfaction to the few who witnessed it, than might have been afforded by many a more brilliant affair of the same kind.

In a couple of years time Pierre hopes to leave the army, and to settle quietly to some honest calling, by which, with the aid of his industrious wife,—now as happy as the day is long—he will be able to gain a fair livelihood. Meantime, Therese is living in her old room, and working even more busily than before. For the old father shows no signs of relenting: and it is hardly likely that Pierre will succeed in making his peace with him. Perhaps he may do so, however: in which case I must resign myself to losing the services of my little sempstress a few years sooner than might otherwise be the case.

QUANTUM.

THE STATE FAIR.

The Pennsylvania State Fair at Powelton, West Philadelphia, last week, was very numerously attended—the visitors being numbered by the tens of thousands. The display of horses, cattle, agricultural machines, fancy soaps, stuffed fowls, wigs, clocks, teeth; supporters for the shoulder, the spine and the abdomen: instruments in the shape of steel socks and silk stockings for the cure of knock-knees, bowlegs and pigeon-toes; instruments to put teeth in and to pull them out; to put water in and to pump it out; fire makers and fire annihilators: bones, birds, buckets, bread, buckles and beehives; things with long names, and things with short ones; looking-glasses, speaking trumpets, walking sticks, jumping ropes, boxing gloves, and a host of indescribable things with Greek, French, Spanish and Italian names, middle names and surnames, was very varied, large and astonishing. Among the wonders we note a few, as a sample.

The display of cattle is better than former years, not only in numbers, but in the quality of the stock. These animals show that our country friends have well considered the importance of improving the stock on their farms; so universal has it become, that farmers are now ashamed of the little stunted cattle that years ago were found in all parts of the country. Notwithstanding high prices are paid for the best imported cattle, it pays to keep them, either for raising calves or making butter from the rich milk obtained from the best cows. As an evidence of this, Mr. Potts, of Montgomery county, obtains one pound of butter from every eight quarts of milk taken from one of his Alderney cows. Mr. P. has now on the ground five cows, two bulls, and a heifer and calf, all imported from the "Island of Jersey." His Alderney bull "Pilot," which was calved on board the ship Stalwart, while at sea, May 2d, 1858, is a very beautiful animal. The heifers and the calf are somewhat the color of deer, and look something like them in their limbs, and though not fed for exhibition, will compare favorably with any of the stock of this breed on the ground. Mr. James Gowen, of Mount Airy, and others, exhibit very valuable animals.

One of the features among the horse part of the exhibition, is a thorough bred mare, with a Bedouin Arabian colt, exhibited by J. B. Cook, of this city. These animals are very beautiful and valuable. Mr. John McGowan, also had upon the track a pair of splendid carriage horses, which attracted much attention. They are strong and fast. A tiny pony, attached to a small wagon, and driven by a small boy, was one of the objects of interest. The horse, wagon and boy, seemed made for each other. The exhibition of mules and jacks is not very large, but those on the ground are of good size and improved breed. A pair of "Jennies" and a Jack, had many admirers.

A new patent "Assistant Binder," patented by Mr. C. H. McAleer, of Chambersburg, Pa., is exhibited by Mr. A. R. Hurst. This is one of the most practical labor-saving machines now in use. Its construction is such as really to make what has heretofore been the labor of four men the easy work of two, and, what is more, it does its work more thoroughly and with greater precision. Every farmer should examine this admirable invention for binding grain. From the attachment, or platform in the rear, the heads and loose grains, which are ordinarily lost, are all saved—which are sufficient in themselves to compensate for the usual expense of taking off a crop of grain.

A useful invention is that shown by Charles Foster; a self-acting car-changer, an appendage which dispenses entirely with the common switch on the track. A horizontal wheel attached to a perpendicular iron rod reaching through the floor of the car and a few inches above it, rests slightly above the track until near a turn, when by springing the treadle (a flat knob at the end of the rod,) the wheel is lowered and thrown by its own pressure in contact with the *inner* rail of the track. This forces the burden wheels of the car off the rail. On removing the pressure on the treadle, the horizontal wheel resumes its former position.

The display of agricultural implements, among which are a great variety of mowers and harvesters, was surrounded during the entire day by those interested in such matters. In fact many seemed to have no eye or care for anything but the cob crushers, stalk cutters, grist mills, ploughs, &c. The exhibition in this respect is one of the best ever given at Powelton, a good deal of space having been allotted to it. Among the mowers is one constructed entirely of wrought iron: it is light and very compact. To the inner end of the finger bar there is firmly fixed a weighted lever, by means of which the whole heft of the outer end of the finger bar is counterbalanced. The finger bar can be raised up by the lever and fastened by the hook to the frame of the machine. When moving from place to place, without stopping, the tongue is attached to the machine by a joint, by which there is no weight upon the horses neck, except that of the pole. This mower has been recently patented. Wood's mowing machine is also on the ground, which is said to be very superior, and weighing only 425 pounds. It is compact and easily handled. Butterfield, of this city, also exhibit their combined mowing and reaping machines. An iron harvester also attracts a great deal of attention. The frame is of cast iron, in one solid piece, and the machine is single geared. The cutter bar is made of two steel plates, firmly rivated together upon intermediate pieces, which fill the spaces between the knife guards. The guard fingers are of wrought iron, and secured to their places by a simple screw nut. A formidable looking stump extractor is attractive to all those troubled with old stumps that obstruct the cultivation of the land. The machine is very simple, and easily managed. After the chain is once attached to the stump, it is kept in a straight line by self-acting hooks. The frame of the machine is constructed in the form of a sledge, and can be easily hauled over the ground to any place desired. The number of hay, straw, and stalk cutters, crushers, &c., is quite numerous, and a great deal of excellence is claimed for each. As to their true merits, the farmers have every opportunity to ascertain, as most of them are kept in motion, and at the work for which they were made.

Life and limb protector for city railroad cars—S. & W. Green, exhibitors. A swinging gate, the width of the car from outside to outside of wheel, hangs so as to reach within an inch or so of the rails. If, while the car is in motion, the gate comes in contact with a body of any size, it is thrown out of the perpendicular, and acting as a fulcrum of a lever, causes the displacement of a triangular shaped block which follows the surface of the wheel, and drops between it and the rail, thus stopping the car immediately. The turning of a crank within reach of the driver, replaces the block, the gate regains its position, and the car is in running order.

Mr. J. Spear, Market street, exhibits an improved gas burning parlor stove, with patented ornamented urns. This urn, it is said, not only adds to the beauty, but the usefulness of the stove. He has also gas burning cook stoves, with patent double hollow centre pieces, perforated on the under side, which prevents the centre piece from sagging down on the fire. By introducing the air over the fire the gases are ignited, thus causing a more intense heat. These stoves attract much attention, particularly from the ladies.

F. Wilhelm exhibits a set of eight lamps, intended for the recently erected Capitol building at Nashville, Tenn. The lamps are very large, well made, highly ornamented with scroll work, stained glass, and surmounted with a beautiful statuette of an Indian. This set of lamps will be the largest in size ever made in the United States, being near eight feet in height.

Mr. P. A. Shower exhibits a lot of bald barley, that was grown from seed obtained in Washington City, having been imported by the Patent Office. The grain has a very handsome appearance, and is quite heavy. It grows somewhat like bearded wheat.

A sample of bread, such as is used in the Northern parts of Norway and Sweden, was exhibited by Dewy, of this city. It is made of the inner bark of the pine or fir tree, mixed with rye and oats or beans. These articles are ground, and the finer portions separated and made into paste, then rolled out into cakes, leaving a large hole in the centre. After being baked, they are strung on a pole and hung up in the house ready for use. This cake or loaf has been in the possession of Mr. Dewy some eight or ten years, and looks as fresh as if recently baked. Those living in a wheat growing country would not be likely to fancy this kind of bread as an article of diet, notwithstanding it is asserted by those who claim to know, that dyspepsia, as a disease, is unknown among those who use it.

We have not told half the wonders of the exhibition, but must conclude, leaving unnoticed steam fire engines, stoves, pianos, &c., &c.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 154—Adults 78, and children 76.

A dervise, walking in his little garden, looked up, and lo! a genius stood before him: "I am commissioned," said he, "to inform you, oh, dervise, that you are destined to commit one of three great faults—murder, adultery, or drunkenness; but you are allowed to choose your offence." The dervise instantly chose to be guilty of drunkenness, as the least fault of the three; the consequence was, that while intoxicated he committed the other two.

FOREIGN NEWS.

"Nobody to Blame"—Severe Strictures of Certain English Papers on the San Juan Affair—Conspiracy to Assassinate the Sultan—The Pope's Health Restored—Wheat Higher, &c.

The Hungarian, at Father Point, on the 1st, brings news to the 21st—four days later.

The coroner's investigation into the cause of the explosion on board the Great Eastern had terminated; the evidence was very conflicting as to who had the responsible charge of the engines. Mr. Scott Russell denied that he had control, and the head engineer of the ship made a similar denial. Verdict is simply accidental death.

It is considered likely that the accident may give rise to questions at law.

The Manchester Guardian, in an editorial upon General Harney's occupation of the Island of San Juan, says:

"The American General's exploit seems to have been nothing more than one of those acts of piracy by which lawless representatives of the United States are accustomed to settle disputes with weaker and more barbarous neighbors, but which it is time they should be taught they cannot safely indulge in against powerful and civilized nations."

The article concludes as follows:—"We trust the Government of the United States will speedily disavow the act of its officer, otherwise the English Government will be forced to take immediate steps for vindication of the honor of the country, and showing the licensed ruffians of the federal army that they must not appropriate British Territory as coolly as if they were merely cutting off another slice of Mexico."

The London Post characterizes Gen. Harney's conduct as totally opposed to the first principles of public law, and hopes the American Government will disavow it.

The *Independence Belge* says Lord Cowley and Count Walewski have been commissioned to arrange a basis of co-operation between England and France in the prosecution of the Chinese war. Three ninety-one gun ships were under orders for foreign service at Portsmouth, and four gunboats were being prepared, with all haste, for China. The utmost activity prevailed at Woolwich and elsewhere, in getting off ammunition, &c.

France.—The Camp at Chalons had been suddenly broken up.

It was rumored, in Paris, that the Emperor had requested the King of Sardinia to refuse to the deputations from the Legations, their request for annexation to Piedmont.

The Times' Paris correspondent says, if the reports of the day may be credited, there is a possibility of the settlement of the Italian question which should satisfy all parties, and the general impression was that the political horizon was likely soon to be clearer than for some time past.

The *Constitutionnel* had given prominence to an editorial, in which it calls on England to side with France in the Italian question, and the article was regarded as an appeal to England to assist diplomatically in extricating the Emperor from the difficulties engendered at Villa Franca.

A ship of the line, steel plated, to be called the "Magenta," and the largest vessel in the French navy, had been commenced at Brest.

The Moniteur contains the following announcements in regard to the rumors of a modification in the press law, "Several newspapers have alluded to a decree which it was supposed would appear to modify the laws of the press. This news is without foundation. In France the press is free to discuss all acts of the Government, and by so doing to enlighten the public mind. Certain papers in becoming without their knowledge the organs of hostile parties claim a larger amount of freedom, which would have no other object than the facilitation of their attacks against the constitution and the fundamental laws of social order. The Government of the Emperor will not deviate from the established system in allowing a field sufficiently large for discussion, controversy and analysis, and will prevent on the other hand the disastrous effect of falsehood, calumny and error."

It was reported at Paris that France will cooperate with Spain in the expedition against the Moors.

There was no improvement in French commercial affairs.

It is asserted that the conclusion of the harvest, shows that the crop has been twenty per cent. less productive than last year.

Flour and wheat had slightly advanced in Paris, and also in most of the provincial markets.

The silk markets were stagnant. Trade was better at Lyons, under orders from America.

The vintage accounts were generally satisfactory.

The forts were being armed in the Bays of St. Malo and of Cancale, and a plan had been prepared for arming the coast from Antibes to Port Vendres.

The French outposts on the frontiers of Morocco had been several times fiercely attacked by native tribes, but they had been repulsed. The Government of Morocco was not implicated in these attacks.

The Zurich Conference.—There had been a complete suspension of intercourse between the plenipotentiaries for several days, but on the 19th, after the arrival of a French courier, the representatives of France and Austria held a conference lasting three hours.

Italy.—The government of Tuscany had notified the Plenipotentiaries of the Grand Duke to evacuate the palace within three days. In case of their non-compliance, the property of the Grand Duke was to be sequestered.

The King of Sardinia was to leave Turin on the 10th, on a visit to Pavia, Lodi, Cremona, &c.

There had been reports from Rome that the Pope's health was so shattered that he would propably soon resign, but the latest accounts say he had perfectly recovered.

The papal government had expressed satisfaction with the recent article in the Paris *Moniteur*, on Italian affairs.

Ministerial changes in Naples are reported. Filangieri had resigned the Presidency of the council. His successor was not yet known.

Garibaldi had issued a letter publicly acknowledging his admiration of the patriotic population of the Italian Tyrol, for the heroism of their services during the war.

Austria.—A semi-official announcement in the Austrian Correspondence, contradicts the report of fresh troops having been sent to Italy.

The Vienna *Gazette* publishes a decree raising the state of siege in Vienna. Some slight regulations will, however, continue in force provisionally in certain cases.

Spain.—Some of the journals say that Gen. Serano is to be Captain General of Cuba, vice Gen. Concha, whose retirement has long been expected.

Russia.—The *Invalide Russe* publishes a dispatch confirming the reported capture of Schamyl during a victorious assault by the Russians on Gunit. Schamyl's sons and family were captured or killed. The Russians took five cannon, and their loss did not exceed one hundred men.

Turkey.—Constantinople, Sept. 18.—A conspiracy to assassinate the Sultan has been discovered. Two hundred persons have been arrested here, among them the Pascha of Albania, who was apparently the chief. Some troops are suspected of participation. The affair originated with a fanatical party.

India.—The special disarming act passed during the mutiny had been made permanent.

The house of Delhi had been deprived of all titular distinction and privileges forever.

The French Admiral commanding in Cochin China had concluded a treaty with the Anamese, and would probably start with his fleet for China.

There is no additional news from China, but a private despatch states that there had been large sales of manufactured goods both at Hong Kong and Shanghae. It was, therefore, inferred that political matters had not experienced any new complication.

Liverpool, Wednesday, Sept. 21, Noon.—Cotton steady, with a better tone in the market, and an increased demand. The sales to-day are estimated at about 8000 bales. Breadstuffs quiet, and sales unimportant.

Sept. 20.—Cotton has declined ¼d during the last three days on inferior descriptions. The only quotation is that for middling Uplands, which was rated at 6 13-16d.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester continue favorable. All sorts of goods were in better demand.

Breadstuffs.—Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co quote Breadstuffs quiet but firm at a slight advance on all sorts. Flour has advanced 1s ₱ bbl. Wheat steady at Friday's advance; Western red 7s 4d@9s; do white 9@9s 6d. Corn quiet at an advance of 6d ₱ quarter.

Provisions.—Beef quiet; Pork steady, Lard quiet; Bacon dull, and quotations nominal. Tallow unchanged, and sales unimportant.

Produce.—Sugar steady; Coffee quiet; Ashes steady; Pots 26s 3d@26s 6d; Pearls 25s; Rosin firm at 4s 2d@4s 3d for common; Spirits of Turpentine firm at 35s 9d; Linseed Oil 28s 6d.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs quiet. Wheat advanced 1s, and closed at prices still tending upward. Sugar firm; Coffee firm; Tea continues very firm, and Congou is selling at 1s 4¾d@1s 5d. Rice quiet at a decline of 6d on Bengal. Tallow dull at 57s 3d; Linseed Oil 28s 6d.

London Money Market.—Consols closed on Tuesday evening at 95¾.

American Stocks.—The latest quotations are for Illinois Central shares 38 discount; do 7's, 1860, Freeland, 84; do 7's, 1875, 77½; Erie 3d mortgage 61; New York Central 7's, 92½.

Isambard K. Brunel, the designer of the Great Eastern, who was prevented by sickness from going on the trial trip, has since died of paralysis.

It is reported that the Princess Clothilde, as well as the Empress Eugenie, is enciente.

The King of Sardinia has received the deputations from the National Assemblies of Modena and Parma, in relation to the annexation of those Duchies to Sardinia. He expressed his acquiescence, and promised to urge the matter before the Great Powers, expressing the hope that Europe, having recognized the right of nations to form their own Constitutions, will not deny the same right to Italy.

The Great Eastern.—It is officially announced that the Great Eastern will leave Portland, Weymouth, on her trial-trip, on the 8th of October instead of the 17th September, and finally sail from Holyhead for Portland, Maine, on the 20th of October, instead of the 29th September. This delay of three weeks is the time in which Mr. Scott Russell contracts to repair the damage occasioned by the explosion, and to put the vessel in the same condition that she was in when she sailed from the Thames. This contract, however, does not include any repairs which the boilers may be found to require, and although they apparently sustained no damage, an investigation is said to have shown that the internal stays of the boiler most directly exposed to the shock have either been displaced or greatly weakened, so that the boiler cannot be safely used in the present state.

The Daily News announces that the Government have resolved to send at once a military force to China, and to send it from India.

The Times says there are about 5,000 rather wrong-headed soldiers in the vicinity of Calcutta, waiting a passage home, and the object should be to divert them from the west to the east. Assuming, however, their re-engagement impracticable, there is still in India a force large enough to overcome even the mighty Chinese Empire.

Conflicting accounts are published as to the state of the London builders' strike, but it is evident that great numbers of men are resuming work under the "non-society" terms proposed by the masters.

China.—"An Eye-Witness," in a letter to The London Times thus speaks of the attitude of the Americans:

"I cannot end without referring to one matter that, in connection with this battle, should be ever remembered. Were we children of the same mother we could not have received more sympathy and kindness than we met with from the Americans. Never were men more unwillingly neutral. As we passed in to the assault, Flag-Officer Tatnall was heard to say, 'Blood is thicker than water;' and in a hundred different ways he and all his people, to the very cabin boys, acted up to this homely proverb. When he heard that our Admiral was wounded, at great personal risk he went on board the Cormorant to see him. Many of our men slept in the Toewan. American tender, on the night of the fight: cigars, coffee, brandy, everything a man could want, was placed before them. The American crew forgot themselves, and thought only of the British.

"A few days after the fight, a Chinese junk, with a flag of truce, brought fresh provisions to the Powhatan, United States frigate. These were immediately sent to our wounded. The bond of American brotherhood was indeed deeply cemented in our trial at the Peiho. I believe there was not a man in the fleet who did not feel it growing up within him, and I am sure there are thousands, if I may not say millions, at both sides of the Atlantic, who will join me in the fervent wish that that feeling of brotherhood may take deeper and deeper root in both lands."

The London Times, in an editorial, in which it censures Admiral Hope for his too great confidence and consequent defeat, concludes its remarks as follows:

"It is more easy to found than to restore supremacy, but in the execution of the duty which devolves upon England and France, it is an unspeakable gratification to find that we may rely, at all events, on the sympathies of the great Anglo-Saxon republic. Whatever may be the result of the fight, England will never forget the day when the deeds and words of kindly Americans sustained and comforted her stricken warriors on the waters of the Peiho."

Other English journals also acknowledge the kindly sympathy of the Americans.

The London Times' Paris correspondent says it was stated that 12,000 French troops had been ordered to be held in readiness to depart for China. Gen. Wimpfen was talked of for the command.

Rumors continued to circulate in Paris of a tendency to an agreement between England and France on the subject of a European Congress for the settlement of Italy. They were, however, regarded as doubtful.

The Continent.—The latest news from Italy leaves little doubt of the determination of the Italians to rely on themselves. Garibaldi was preparing a general concentration of troops on any given point. Gen. Fanti, Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Italian League, had fixed his headquarters at Bologna; the soldiers disbanded by Victor Emmanuel were flocking around him.

Letters from Rome state that the health of the Pope was almost entirely restored.

The Austrian Gazette, in remarking on the recent article in the Moniteur, argues that, as the restoration of the Italian Princes has not been effected, chiefly owing to the influence of Sardinia, Austria consequently is not bound to carry out the concessions she has made, including the cession of Lombardy.

The new law relative to the Protestants of Hungary is said to have given general satisfaction.

The Paris papers, almost without an exception, express satisfaction at the announcement of an Anglo-French expedition against China; and several of them add a hope that the union of the two flags against a common enemy will strengthen the alliance between the two countries, and dispel recent rumors of rupture.

SUMMER IS SWEET.

I.

Summer is sweet, ay, summer is sweet—
Minna mine with the brown, brown eyes:
Red are the roses under his feet,
Clear the blue of his windless skies.
Pleasant it is in a boat to glide
On a river whose ripples to ocean haste
With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round the darling waist;
And to see, as the western purple dies,
Hesper mirror'd in brown, brown eyes.

II.

Summer is fleet, ay, summer is fleet—
Minna mine with the brown, brown eyes:
Onward travel his flying feet,
And the mystical colors of autumn rise.
Clouds will gather round evening's star—
Sorrow may silence our first gay rhyme—
The river's swift ripples flow tardier far
Than the golden minutes of love's sweet time;
But to me, whom omnipotent love make wise,
There's endless summer in brown, brown eyes!

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORK OF RETRIBUTION BEGINS.

It is night again—night for the second time since we discovered the body—the night of the 28th of October.

Our sorrowful duty to the dead has been accomplished as far as the law permits; the victim lies in his coffin at Douai, awaiting the inquest; and Vogelsang, Barthelet, and myself are traversing one of the least frequented avenues of the Champs Elysees in Paris, bound on an avenging errand.

Behind us, in silence and shadow, marches a company of gendarmes with their officer at their head; breathless, statue-like, moving as one man, and heard only by the dull fall of their tread and the occasional clank of their swords.

Thus we move on in the darkness, and the distant clocks strike twelve.

Hush! we pause before the gate of that Italian villa where I entered some few days past, and the soldiers draw back out of sight, leaving me alone to summon the attendance of a servant. I ring—the gate is partially opened—the same footman looks out.

"Who is there?"

"The gentleman who called the other morning. I want to see Monsieur Lemaire on urgent business."

"Monsieur and madame are at supper. You cannot see them to-night, sir. They receive no visitors so late in the evening."

"But my business, I tell you, is important."

"Well, sir, if you give me your name and state your business, I will tell my master; but *I* am sure it will be useless."

"I do not choose to do either—I must see him."

"Then, monsieur, it is impossible. You must return in the morning."

So saying, the servant firmly, but respectfully, is about to close the gate, when it is wrenched suddenly back, and a gauntletted hand is closed upon his mouth.

"Not a word, or you are a dead man," says the officer in a low, stern voice. "Your employers are charged with wilful murder, and I call upon you to aid us in the discharge of our duty. Do you obey?"

The trembling varlet makes a gesture of submission, and the officer, holding a pistol to his head, continues:—

"Are they alone together?"

"Yes, *mon capitaine*."

"How many servants are there about the place?"

"Only myself and the cook, *mon capitaine*. The rest are all in bed."

"Where is the cook?"

"Down in the kitchen, *mon capitaine*."

"Can he give the alarm if he sees us?"

"Impossible, *mon capitaine*. The kitchen is at the back of the house, far enough from the salons."

"Lead the way, then—and mind? One syllable of betrayal, and you have a couple of bullets through your brains."

Scarce able to support himself for terror, the footman proceeds again up the broad staircase and into the drawing-room, where hangs the portrait by David. Barthelet, Vogelsang, and the soldiers have all followed noiselessly. The room is but half lighted, and empty.

"They are at supper, messieurs," falters our guide, withdrawing a rich curtain which serves the purpose of a door at the farthest end of the apartment. "You will find them in the little salon at the end of the *suite*—don't messieurs, don't compel me to go any farther—I dare not!"

"Leave the fellow in charge of a gendarme, and go on," says Barthelet, decisively. "But make no noise, for your lives."

"Stay," I exclaim, in a hurried whisper. "Let me go first. Let me speak to them, and while I speak, come up. The sound of my voice will drown your steps—let me go first!"

"And me with you!" interposes Vogelsang. "Oh, how I long to face her!"

Barthelet shakes his head, and lays his hand on Vogelsang's arm.

"No, no," he says. "Not two, gentlemen. Monsieur Latour can go first, if he likes—though I don't recommend it; but two are too many."

With this, I pass the curtain—find myself in a second room and facing a second curtain—beyond this lies a third, and beyond the third—

The sound of voices talking loudly—three or four lines of a wild, obscene song chanted in the loveliest of voices and followed by a burst of laughter—the chinking of glass and silver—these arrest my steps and warn me that they whom I seek are separated from me only by a few folds of drapery.

Looking back earnestly to the farthest salon, I see some dark shadows creeping through the curtain one after another, like the pictures cast by a magic lantern. There is no time to be lost—I draw the hangings suddenly back, and surprise them.

—Surprise them at their guilty orgies—surprise them feasting in their boudoir, revelling in their blood-stained wealth, quaffing that pleasure-cup whose dregs are poison!

The room blazes with light—the table is laden with wines, and fruits, and heaped up delicacies served in glittering silver—her head reclines upon his breast—the very glass is at his lips—

I stand before them in stern silence, and for a moment they are dumb—paralyzed—motionless. Therese is the first to recover courage—she springs to her feet—her eyes flame with anger—she draws herself to all her queenly height, and confronts me.

"Who are you, sir? How dare you intrude upon my privacy? What do you want?"

"I am Paul Latour, and I come to you for my brother. Where is Theophile?"

She quails before my words as if they were blows, and catches at the shoulder of her paramour for support. He, too, shrinks back at that name, and turns a livid face upon me.

"Speak, woman. Where is my brother?"

Death-pale as she is, she bears a dauntless brow, and can reply haughtily.

"I know nothing of him, nor of you. I have told you this before, and you have presumed to intrude here a second time. Begone, sir, or my servants shall expel you."

"Summon your servants, if you choose—they will not come."

"Not come!"

She glares upon me like a tigress as she repeats these words, and Lemaire, stealing his hand along the edge of the table, strives to reach at a knife unperceived by me.

"Your anger cannot move, or your words convince me. I stand here demanding from you news of the man who loved you—of the man who squandered his gold for your smiles—who staked his honor against your blandishments—whose gifts adorn your person—whose kisses are yet warm upon your lips? Speak, Delilah! Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"I know nothing of him—care nothing for him; nor for your threats either!"

Lemaire has grasped the knife now and got it down by his side, and all this time there are faint gleams, as of steel, crossing the gloom beyond the curtain and ever drawing nearer.

"And if I have no need to ask—and if I know all your depravity, all your falseness, all your crime? If I know how you fled with him; robbed him; connived at, planned, aided—ay! aided in his murder—"

The word is yet on my tongue when Lemaire springs at my throat!

There is a fierce struggle—a rush of many feet—a confusion of cries! The knife is wrenched from his hand—the deadly grasp torn forcibly away, and the miscreant lies felled and grovelling on the floor, with half a dozen muskets at his breast!

The officer has his warrant in his hand.

"Are both prisoners arrested?" he asks, looking round at the faces that fill the room. "My orders are to secure the persons of Alphonse Lemaire and Therese Vogelsang.—Where is the woman?"

"Where is she? Let me look at her—let me come near her!" cries a voice at the door—a voice trembling with suppressed hatred.—"Where is this murderess, this adulteress, this robber?"

We look in one another's faces and make no reply, while Vogelsang, forcing his way to where Lemaire lies prisoner, keeps repeating his savage questions.

No one can answer them. She was here but a moment since—I was speaking to her, standing within three feet of her, when Lemaire sprang at me with his knife! Has she sunk through the floor?

"Search the house!" says the officer, after a momentary pause of wondering silence. "She has slipped away in the scuffle. Search the house from top to bottom till you find her."

In vain. The house is ransacked thoroughly from attic to cellar; no cupboard, recess, wardrobe, or curtain, is left untried; but Therese Vogelsang has utterly and mysteriously disappeared.

Her husband, balked of his vengeance, rages hither and thither like one frantic. He foams at the mouth—he offers unheard-of rewards, which it is not in his power to redeem—he raves, curses, entreats—but all in vain—in vain! Search as we will from midnight to dawn, the task is hopeless, the fugitive not to be found.

And so, when three or four hours have been spent in useless investigations, we are fain to give it up. The officer then proceeds to affix his seal upon the furniture—the servants are compelled to leave the place in our custody—windows and doors are all fast closed and locked—the prisoner is placed in a coach and removed to the Conciergerie in the Palais de Justice; and the house, as we look up at it from the road in the faint morning light, looks blank, melancholy, and deserted.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OMITER DICTUM.

Beautiful and true is that passage in the Prose Edda of the wild Icelandic bard, Snorri Sturlason, wherein Har the Lofty relates how, after the Twilight of the Gods and the Destruction of the Universe, "there will arise out of the ocean another earth most lovely and verdant, with pleasant fields where the grain shall grow unsown." Thus it was when the Deluge swept over the world, and left it greener and holier; and thus it is that we stand in the pleasant fields of after-life, amid the harvest-plenty of our spring labors, looking back upon the anxieties and tribulations of the past.

How strange it is, this turning back to the contemplation of a great sorrow! Time has taken us by the hand and led us gently on, since then. The dark shores of the dread land have faded in the distance. Ambitions, occupations, friends, all are changed with us. We feel ashamed that we can still be so happy, and would fain persuade ourselves that the golden sunbeams are less lovely in our eyes than the pale radiance of the lamp that lights the tomb. Vain self-reproaches and self-doubts! It was night, and the morning, according to Nature's inevitable succession, has followed on its path. Not always, perhaps, dawns so fair a day as the preceding. Some roses may have faded, some trees have fallen in the tempest that came and went with the stars. Yet, when the rain descended, it nurtured seeds that might elsewise have perished; and so, watered by the tears of our anguish, blossom the autumn flowers of life.

Writing thus, in the seclusion of my home, at peace with all men, surrounded by those who are nearest and dearest to my heart, and dwelling, moreover, in a gentle world of dreams and books, I recall with awe and shuddering the great tragedy of my youth.

Opposite the table where I sit in my quiet study, hangs the portrait of a young man, of whom it might be said, as of Baldur the Beautiful, "so fair and dazzling is he in form and features, that rays of light seem to issue from him." His lips are parted in a half-smile; he leans indolently against the pedestal of a sculptured figure; his eye is bright and careless; his brow untouched by sorrow or study. Gazing up at him thus, his golden locks seem but to need the classic chaplet and the dropping perfumes of luxurious Greece. He might be Alcibiades—he was Theophile Latour.

Let me pause, let me pause for a moment amid the dark details of his errors and their punishment. Let me recall him in his beauty, irradiated as it now is by the light which streams down upon him through the brazen gates of eternity! He offended; he expiated. It is the old stern tale of heavenly compensation—the moral of the antique legend. Condemn him not, blame him not, judge him not too harshly, oh, thou kind reader! This fair portrait is all that now remains of him—this chequered chronicle all the record of his deeds. Past art thou, my brother, like an errant and glowing meteor—past, and remembered only by the few who dare still to love and pity thee, although thou standest before the jasper throne, and we are "distant in humanity." The myrtles have blossomed and the daisies been mown down many times above thy grave since thou wert laid in the shadow of that old belfry-tower at Douai, sleeping, sleeping. Ever and anon, from the ways of busy life and the silent paths of thought, I turn aside and visit thy place of sepulture. Oftener still, as at this moment, I seem to hear the bells ringing solemnly, and the organ pealing, and the priests chanting their miserere, as once, long since; and then I, too, lift up my voice in prayer and lamentation, and

——bid thee rest.
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams!

One other thing have I to say. We all know that story of the painter of old, who, in representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, depicted her father in an attitude of profound dejection, with his face buried in the folds of his mantle.

And he was right. There are griefs which transcend the skillfullest touches of the pencil or pen; and so, in imitation of a wise precedent, will I also draw a veil before the tearful countenances of some of the personages of this history. Too sacred, too sacred are thy sorrows, wife and mother! Enough if it be said that the writer of these pages took upon himself the heavy task of acquainting them with their bereavement—that he journeyed into Brussels, and thence on to the old chateau in pleasant Burgundy—that he wept with those who were desolate—that he returned, after an absence of little more than two days, compelled, by the stern call of the law, to be present at the examinations and trial; and, finally, that he passed through the city where dwelt the gentle Margaret, without having it in his power to tarry by the way, though never so briefly.

This *en passant*, reader, as an *entre acte* in the pauses of the drama, while the scene is shifted and the players make ready with the mask and cothurnus: or, if thou likest it better, as the fragment of a requiem, played while the priests change their broidered vestments, and the congregation sit with their missals in their hands, listening dreamily to the music which breathes out from the golden organ-pipes, like the sighing of the evening air through the strings of an Æolian harp, sad, and whispering, and "softer than sleep."

CHAPTER XL.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

It is in the old justice hall of that antique city of Lille which Julius Cæsar founded. The morning is dark and raw. The privileged spectators are few, and there are some ladies in the galleries. The Procureur de Roi has not yet arrived; the president is deep in the pages of his note-book; the avocats are sorting their papers, and the jury shuffling their feet, and whispering together, and looking impatiently towards the clock over the president's chair. All is silent and heavy, and every now and then the opening of some outer door admits that uneasy, continuous, indescribable sound which proceeds from a multitude of persons.

Presently the clock strikes—the Procureur de Roi enters and takes his seat—there is a faint commotion at the farther end of the hall—every head is instantly turned, and a pale, cadaverous-looking man, scarce able to support himself, is brought forward by gendarmes and placed at the bar.

Strange alteration effected in so few days!—Lemaire—that Lemaire whom I had surprised amid the lustiest enjoyments of life, with whom I had struggled, and whose strength I had but so lately experienced—is now humble as a beaten cur, and so weak as to be permitted to sit during his trial. His red hair and beard, unshorn and neglected, hang upon his face and downcast eyes—his shoulders are bent—his head droops on his breast—his hands hang listlessly on either side—his whole attitude and aspect speak dejection, cowardice, guilt.

The Procureur de Roi rises and reads the accusation.

The paper is long and formal, but the chief facts are these:—

The Assassination of Theophile Latour.

It is now some months since Theophile Latour became intimate with a vocalist named Therese, or Theresa, Vogelsang, an Austrian subject, then performing at Brussels. She is known to have encouraged his attentions, and to have carried on, at the same time, a similar intrigue with Alphonse Lemaire, a Frenchman, native of Paris, resident at Brussels, and then lessee of the Brussels theatre. The liberality of the deceased towards this woman was unbounded, and became the talk of all the city. Money and gifts were squandered hourly upon her, and the wealth thus obtained was shared between the receiver and her lover. At this stage of the affair, Heinrich Vogelsang, husband of Therese, made his appearance with an injunction granted by the Austrian Government, which gave him full powers to remove, and, if necessary, arrest his wife abovenamed. To this end he consulted and entered into negotiations with Lemaire, the manager, who, for his part, is supposed to have informed Madame Vogelsang upon every particular. The result was obvious, and the only remedy flight. Still acting the same double game, and interweaving it now with a darker purpose, she induced the deceased Theophile Latour to dispose of a valuable estate in Burgundy, in order to fly with her to Paris, and there to spend the proceeds of the sale in pleasures and excesses. They eloped accordingly on the evening of the 16th of October last, chose for their starting point the masked ball held at the opera-house, and travelled unceasingly till they arrived at Douai on the evening of the 17th instant; where they rested for the night. They left their hotel the next morning, and when at a sufficient distance from the house, hired a fiacre which conveyed them as far as the opening of a certain narrow lane on the western highroad, where they alighted, and along which they proceeded. Towards three or four o'clock, they reached a mean hamlet lying among the fields and lanes about seven miles west of the town, where they established themselves at an inn called the Hotel de Namur, and were met some few hours later by the prisoner. The pretence on which this meeting was arranged concealed a deep and artful plot. Both deceased and prisoner had travelled under the name of Alphonse Lemaire, and, averse as the deceased appears always to have shown himself to the company of the prisoner, it seems that he submitted to it on this occasion for the purpose of a more skillful concealment. The ostensible plan was that Lemaire and Therese Vogelsang should, from this point, travel together into Paris, and be joined afterwards by Latour; in order that, if inquiries were made, it might be established that they journeyed and arrived together—which deception would have been favored by the passports. The remote village was also chosen as affording a convenient place for the exchange of persons. All these, seen from this point of view, are clumsily contrived plans enough; feasible, however, to a man blinded by passion and hurried on by a will superior to his own. Viewed from the other side, unfortunately, its clumsiness vanishes, and gives place to a profoundly calculated scheme. The spot was known to the prisoner, eminently fitted for an assassination, and far removed from highroad and town. All was preconcerted, down to the very copse where the murder was to be committed and the body concealed. All succeeded as it had been ordered. On the morning of the 19th instant, the deceased and prisoner left the inn to take a walk before breakfast. The former never returned. A plausible excuse accounted for all, and in a few hours more, the vocalist and the manager were on the road to Paris, where they arrived towards evening. A lengthened, tedious, and careful search, conducted by the detective agent, Pierre Corneille Barthelet, accompanied by the brother of the deceased and the before-mentioned husband of Therese Vogelsang, has been successful in bringing to light all the circumstances of this crime. The body they discovered concealed in a deep hollow towards the centre of a little wood bordering the hamlet. The deceased had been shot from behind, the ball having passed under the left shoulder-blade and penetrated to the heart. He must have expired instantaneously, and without a struggle. The pistol with which the deed was effected, has been discovered in a ditch not far from the spot.

Such are the leading facts which preceded and followed the crime imputed to Alphonse Lemaire and Therese Vogelsang, the latter of whom has escaped and not yet been apprehended. The accusation, therefore, impeaches both parties; namely, Alphonse Lemaire for having assassinated and murdered Theophile Latour, and Therese Vogelsang for aiding and abetting in the same.

Monsieur le President then proceeded to interrogate the prisoner.

M. le President. "Alphonse Lemaire, rise; state your age and profession."

He rose with difficulty, and almost immediately fell back in his chair, with an appearance of great weakness.

"He cannot stand, so please you, M. le President," said a soldier, stepping forward. "He has been very ill since his apprehension, and was brought up from Paris with difficulty."

The president appeared satisfied with this explanation, and the examination was resumed.

"Alphonse Lemaire, state your age and profession."

The prisoner continued to hang his head forward on his breast, and replied with a collected manner, and in a low but audible voice, that his age was thirty-seven, and his profession histrionic.

M. le President. "How long have you held the management of the opera-house at Brussels?"

Prisoner. "About three years and a-half."

M. le President. "You are a native of Paris?"

Prisoner. "I was born in the Rue St. Honore, No. 85. My father was a manufacturer of bronze ornaments."

M. le President. "At what time did you engage the services of Therese Vogelsang for your theatre?"

Prisoner. "The negociations were conducted by letter. She arrived in Brussels July 5th, and commenced her performances the next evening."

M. le President. "Were you cognisant of her connexion with Monsieur Theophile Latour?"

Prisoner. "I knew that he admired her, and that she accepted gifts from him; but the world is so censorious, especially to ladies of her profession, that I attached no importance to the scandal of the green-room."

M. le President. "What were the propositions made to you by the Herr Vogelsang?"

Prisoner. "The Herr Vogelsang showed me a paper purporting to emanate from the Austrian authorities, by which he was empowered to remove his wife from the Brussels stage. He then proposed to me to suppress all knowledge of this paper from the lady and from Monsieur Latour, alleging, as his reason, that the family of that gentleman were anxious to separate him from her society, and to conceal from him where and by what means she had disappeared. To insure this the more effectually, I was to purchase the silence of all parties concerned in the affair, and to receive two thousand francs for my own co-operation."

M. le President. "And you agreed to this?"

Prisoner. "I agreed to it, M. le President; but only to lull their suspicions: for Madame Vogelsang had honored me with much of her confidence, and I was disposed to save her, if I could."

M. le President. "And you betrayed all?"

Prisoner. "Yes, M. le President."

M. le President. "State the result."

Prisoner. "The communication was made to me only three days before the *bal masque*, which I had fixed for the 16th of October. It was evident to us both, that flight was the only resource, and equally evident that a better opportunity than the *fete*, could not be chosen. We arranged, therefore, to leave Brussels on the evening of the 16th, and we did so, between twelve and one o'clock."

M. le President. "Do you mean to say that you accompanied Therese Vogelsang from Brussels?"

Prisoner. "I do. Though we had less than three days to prepare for the journey, I contrived to put all my affairs in order, to provide passports, and leave everything under the management of a confidential secretary."

M. le President. "And in what manner did you travel?"

Prisoner. "We posted part of the way, and part we travelled by railway."

M. le President. "Do you deny that Monsieur Latour accompanied Therese Vogelsang to Douai?"

Prisoner. "I travelled with her all the way."

M. le President. "Did you spend one night at a little hamlet near Douai, and there meet M. Latour?"

Prisoner. "No, M. le President. We travelled without stopping anywhere. I never saw Monsieur Latour more than twice or thrice in my life."

M. le President. "This cigar-case, marked with the initials T. L., was found in the carriage abandoned on the road by Madame Vogelsang. How do you account for its discovery?"

Prisoner (hesitating.) "That—that cigar case, M. le President? It was left, I believe, by M. Latour at the house of madame. She gave it to me as a present."

M. le President. "And this note, directed to M. Latour, and dropped by Madame Vogelsang on leaving the ball, what do you say to that?"

The prisoner here asked to see the note, and read it attentively.

Prisoner. "I know nothing of it. I believe it to be a forgery."

M. le President. "Here is a fragment of blue cloth discovered clinging to a bramble in the wood where the body lay concealed. This fragment corresponds with a torn place in one of your coats, found in Paris. Have you anything to say respecting it?"

The prisoner shook his head, and declined making any further replies.

M. le President. "Enough. Let the witnesses be called."

The first witness examined was Barthelet—the second, Heinrich Vogelsang—the third, myself. All that we knew is known already to the reader. Our statements coincided with each other, word for word. Barthelet delivered his testimony concisely and unpretendingly. Vogelsang, with a sullen and subdued resentment breaking forth every now and then against his wife, sternly, briefly, comprehensively.

Ever since the night on which Lemaire had been apprehended, and Therese had escaped, Vogelsang was an altered man. He spoke less than ever—wandered out for hours at a time, and returned to our hotel without saying where he had been—was frequently so absorbed in thought as to hear, see, and notice nothing—seemed to eat, even, as it were, mechanically, and more for the purpose of recruiting his physical strength, than from any impulse of hunger or enjoyment. One would have said, on observing his settled gaze, the abstraction of his speech and attitudes, and the self-withdrawn inner look of his countenance, that he had some fixed idea upon which his thoughts fed continually; from which he could be roused only by an effort: and to which he returned the moment that his attention was released.

Yet there were occasions upon which a single inadvertent word, such as "flight," or "discovery," would rouse him as from a deep sleep, and then he was keen and watchful as a hare—all eye, and ear, and eager investigation. Sometimes I used to think that his dominant purpose was the patient searching after the missing criminal, and that he had resolved to devote life and energies to the working out of his darling vengeance. In this suspicion I was strengthened by the evident impatience with which he obeyed the business of the trial—the restless way in which he counted every day and hour and minute of his absence—the strong reluctance with which he left Paris, and the eager rapidity with which he hastened from Lille as soon as his share in the trial was concluded.

And this reminds me that I have wandered from my subject too long.

The examination of witnesses was tedious and minute. They were nearly a hundred in number, and comprised toll and post-house keepers; postillions; ostlers; inn-keepers; custom-house officers; and servants without end. This part of the trial lasted two days and a half.

I believe that I have not forgotten a syllable of the evidence, a glance or movement of the prisoner, or the merest incident of that terrible event. Yet, thank Heaven! I seldom think of it. When my attention is drawn to it, as in transcribing this narrative, it comes back to me clearly, circumstantially, and sharply-defined, as if all had happened yesterday. Still, upon a subject so important, I will not trust the tablets of my memory. The subjoined *resume* of some of the evidence elicited from the witness, I copy from the leading journal of the day, preserved by my friend Seabrook, and by him lent to me for this purpose.

"THE TRAGEDY NEAR DOUAI.—SECOND DAY.

"The most remarkable testimony—viz.: that of Barthelet, Vogelsang, and Latour (*frere*) having been gone through yesterday, and given in our evening edition, we proceed to relate a portion of the facts obtained this morning from a host of minor witnesses, of whom there were too many called to be fully reported in our pages.

"Jean-Simon Carpeaux and Antoinette, his wife, depose, that on the morning of the 17th inst., a carriage corresponding to the description previously given, passed through the Porte d'Anderlecht, Brussels. Believe it to have been about one o'clock in the morning. Are sure that the carriage contained a lady and gentleman, and that they drove fast. On being asked if the gentleman in question and the prisoner were the same individual, Antoinette declared herself positive that they were not. Said that the gentleman whom she saw was fair and handsome. Husband not so certain.

"Durand Stumph, toll-keeper, deposes, that a dark-green chariot drove swiftly past before dawn. Is very deaf and old, and does not remember whether there was more than one person inside, or if it were a gentleman or lady.

"Jerome Daumet and Amedee Coquart, postillions, depose to having driven the fugitives. Are certain that prisoner is not the same man. The other was much better-looking, and a gentleman every inch. The lady was very handsome. They talked some language, when speaking to each other, which witnesses could not understand. Are sure that it was neither French nor Flemish. Thought it might be German, by the sound. The gentleman, however, spoke French like a native.

"Jacques Chappuy, milk-salesman, deposes that he is in the habit of selling milk in the village of Jemappes. Was serving the post-master's wife while the dark-green chariot was standing before the door. The lady expressed a wish for some of the milk, and on a glass being handed out to him from the house, he served it himself to her at the carriage-window. She was the handsomest woman he had ever seen. Lifted her veil to drink, and her hands were all over rings. Did not observe the gentleman particularly. Could not take his eyes off the lady; she was so beautiful. Cannot be sure if prisoner be or be not the same person as her companion.

"Felix Pradier, post-master, deposes that the dark-green chariot, now lying in his yard, was left there by a gentleman and lady, a little after noon on the 17th of October. The wheels were torn to pieces by the roads. It often happens so with private carriages on the roads in Belgium. They seemed, both of them, very much annoyed; especially the lady. Were forced to take one of his (Felix Pradier's) post-carriages. They had no luggage with them. Witness searched the carriage carefully after they were gone; but found nothing in it, except a bag with some biscuits, which he left there. Was surprised when the other gentleman found the cigar-case. Could not see the lady's face very plainly through her veil; but thought the gentleman handsome. The prisoner was certainly not the same man—nothing like him. The lady and gentleman, when conversing together, talked German. On being asked how he knew that it was German, he (Pradier) replied, that his wife was a native of Kehl, and had taught him a little of the language. Sufficient to convince him that they spoke it, but not sufficient to enable him to comprehend the sense of what they said.

"Camille Dumont, clerk in the passport-office, Quievrain, deposes to having inspected both passports now produced. Did not remark that they bore the same name till his attention was drawn to the fact. Remembers nothing of the parties themselves. All was perfectly *en regle*, or he should remember something about it.

"Edouard Lecroix, *chef de bureau*, passport-office, Quievrain, deposes that he inspected both passports, and countersigned the same. Took no notice of the first, or of the parties themselves. Grew interested, however, in the matter after his interview with Vogelsang and Latour (*frere*). Observed, and was surprised, when, on the afternoon of the second day, another passport bearing the name of Alphonse Lemaire, was submitted to him for examination. Took particular notice of bearer. Is certain that the prisoner is the same person. Could identify him anywhere. Did not put any questions to prisoner. Thought it best, should there be anything wrong, not to put him on his guard. Had made an especial entry of the circumstances in his private note-book. (Witness here handed his note-book to the president.)

"Philip van Comp, post-boy, deposes that he drove a lady and gentleman from Quievrain to Valenciennes between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of October. Is a native of Flanders. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. The lady was very handsome, and the gentleman paid him in gold. Could not remember the latter with any distinctness, but is certain that prisoner is not the same.

"Jacques Thayer, Henri Rude, Hippolyte Cogniet, Baptiste Frette, and several others, all postillions or post-masters, were next examined. They all deposed to have driven the fugitives, or supplied them with horses, from Valenciennes to Douai. No matters of especial interest distinguished that part of the *proces*, saving the complete establishment of every

link in the chain of evidence. The case was then adjourned till the following day."

"THE TRAGEDY NEAR DOUAI.—THIRD DAY.

"*The Examination of Witnesses Resumed.*

"Francois Roger, hotel-keeper, Douai, deposes that two persons answering to the general description, arrived at his establishment between six and seven o'clock on the evening of October 17th, dined and slept there, and left the next morning. Has very little recollection of the parties in question. Thinks the gentleman was fair. Is sure he never saw the prisoner before. Believes that the lady wore a veil. Remembers nothing further, except that they drank a good deal of champagne and paid liberally.

"Claudine Roger, wife of the above, deposes that the gentleman was very handsome. Not in the least like the prisoner. In all respects corroborates the testimony of her husband.

"Jeannette Thouret, chambermaid, deposes that she conducted the said travellers to their apartments. Is a servant in the Hotel de Flandres, kept by the couple Roger. Could not see the lady's face through her veil, which was very thick. She kept it down always.—The gentleman was very handsome. She (Jeannette Thouret) had never seen a man so handsome. Could have looked at him for hours. Is certain that prisoner is not the same. Thinks the supposition absurd. This man is hideous in the comparison. Only saw them twice—namely, on their arrival and departure. They left the house arm in arm together, and the gentleman gave her (Jeannette Thouret) a five-franc piece on the staircase.

"Alexandre Thomas and Napoleon Barbet, waiters, deposed to having waited upon the travellers during their breakfast and dinner.—The lady kept her veil always down; but her hands were covered with jewels. They tried to see her face, but could not. They (the travellers) would not suffer them (the waiters) to remain long in attendance; but rang when they wished the courses removed. Are sure that prisoner is not the same person. The lady and gentleman spoke a foreign language to each other. Thought it was English from the intonation, or perhaps German. Are not acquainted with either language.

"Etienne Blanchet, hackney coach driver, deposes that he drove a lady and gentleman answering to the general description, from close to the University as far as the opening of a narrow lane about two miles west of the town. They paid him more than his fare, and he saw them walk up the lane very slowly, arm in arm. Is sure that prisoner is not the gentleman. The lady was very beautiful, and threw her veil up after they were clear of the town. Was surprised at the time to see them go by such a deserted path; but thought they might be lovers, and liked to be alone. Asked them, under this persuasion, if he should wait to take them back; but the gentleman only shook his head and bade him (Etienne Blanchet) drive back again to Douai."

Here follows a detailed account of the examination of the host and hostess of the little Hotel de Namur, and also of the boy Jean—all of which I omit, having already related it in my narrative. I resume the thread of the trial at the testimony of Achille Gaudin, the driver of a *fiacre*, whose vehicle they seem to have met on leaving the hamlet next day, and re-emerging upon the public road.

"Achille Gaudin, hackney coach driver, deposes that, as he was returning from Douai to Vitry, where he resides, he overtook a lady and gentleman upon the road, walking. They turned round and engaged him instantly. He drove them to the railway station at Vitry, where they entered, and where he saw them waiting before the ticket-bureau. Cannot be sure of the date, but thinks it must have been about the time stated. Is perfectly certain that prisoner is the same person. Knew him at once, and could have sworn to him anywhere. Can't say much for his liberality. He (the prisoner) bargained closely enough about the fare; and he (Achille Gaudin) afterwards found that one of the francs in which he was paid was a counterfeit. The lady was handsome, but looked pale and ill. They scarcely spoke to each other at all, and when they did, it was always in French. Does not remember to have heard them say anything particular.

"Here the examination of witnesses terminated. Monsieur Lebas, Procureur du Roi, supported the accusation. Messieurs Rebout and Fayot pleaded for the defence.

"After a long and able debate, sustained with equal learning and vigor on both sides, M. le President summed up an impartial and eloquent *resume* of the entire case. The jury then retired into the "hall of deliberation." The following question was submitted to their judgment on retiring from the hall:

"'Alphonse Lemaire, *ci devant* manager of the Brussels Opera, is he guilty or is he not guilty of having, on the 19th morning of October last, 18—, purposely and voluntarily murdered Theophile Latour, of Latour-sur-Creil, Burgundy?'

"At this exciting moment, the crowd outside, which had been gathering and increasing during the whole morning, poured suddenly and irresistibly into the hall. A great number of ladies (many more than had been present upon the two previous days) filled the galleries. The mass of expectants who had been prevented in time from following the rest, gave forth an impatient murmur, like the roaring of the sea; and the armed force, impossible as they had found it to exclude the public, were scarcely able to maintain any degree of order.

"The jury returned at a quarter past four o'clock, P. M., and resumed their seats, when the foreman, on request of M. le President, rose, and placing his hands, according to custom, upon his heart, replied:

"'Upon my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, the declaration of the jury is—Yes, the accused is guilty.'

"The prisoner was then brought in, pale, almost insensible; his whole form drooping, motionless, dejected, like that of a man without hope or fortitude.

"The decision of the jury was then read to him, and he was asked if he had anything to say. He seemed neither to hear nor comprehend, and after a silence of several minutes, the sentence of condemnation was passed, and this terrible sentence read aloud from the pages of the Code Penal:

"'All condemned to death are to be beheaded.'

"The commotion at this point was immense. A simultaneous cry, which might almost be designated as a yell of exultation, filled the hall, and communicating itself to the mass beyond, effectually stopped the proceedings for several minutes.

"The wretched criminal heard all with the same apparent listnessness and indifference; but, on being removed from the dock, was found to have fainted, and was carried away by the guards in a condition of insensibility.

"And thus terminated one of the most remarkable trials which we remember to have recorded in our columns. Seldom has a crime been planned with more sagacity, or executed more craftily and remorselessly. No precaution that could have availed was omitted; and as it was conceived, so was this hideous drama enacted. The impression upon the public mind has been terrible and profound, and it is only to be regretted that the murderer's accomplice (a demon of beauty and sin, to the full as culpable as himself,) should have escaped. We will trust, however, that the place of her retreat may be ere long discovered. The police are on the search in all directions, and it is confidently hoped that the ends of justice may not long be eluded.

"The execution, it is understood, will take place in about a fortnight, this crime having been the first upon the Assize-lists for the present Session." (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

MAY AND I.

I sent a clover leaf to May.
And bade her read its meaning sweet:
Then waited through the weary day
The answer, hoping she would say
What I each moment did repeat—
"Forever thine, forever thine."
In answer to appeal of mine.

Meanwhile, the message came to May:
She read its meaning and love's power:
Then sent a dahlia bloom to say
(Her dear heart in the answer lay),
What she should whisper all the hour—
"Forever thine, forever thine."
In answer to appeal of mine.

And so it happened, May and I,
Ere long, before the altar stood:
No rude voice did the banns deny—
But through the chancel sweet reply
Was heard, when May her maidenhood
Laid by, and said "Forever thine,"
In answer to appeal of mine.

Wit and Humor.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE.

Several years ago, while the Hon T. L. J——— represented this District in Congress, the Democracy nominated Joe Hennen as their candidate against him. The rivals were not more unlike politically than in appearance, habits, and manners. The one was tall, sedate, dressy; while Joe was short, indifferent to "store clothes," unstudied in manner, and full of fun.

During the canvas, Joe happening to be in Cincinnati, discovered from the morning papers that his rival had also paid the city a visit, and was at the old Broadway House. Desiring to do the polite, Hennen called to see him, without paying much attention to his toilet—looking rather seedy for a Congressional candidate. Stepping up to the bar he looked over the register, and remarked to Captain Cromwell, the proprietor, who happened to be behind it,

"I see, sir, that my friend, Hon. T. L. J———, is stopping with you. Is he in, sir?"

"Y-a-a-s, sir, I believe so," answered the landlord, slowly, eying Joe from head to foot.

"I should like to see him, sir. Will you be good enough to direct me to his room?"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain, still looking hard at him. "I will send one of the servants to show you up;" and he took hold of a bell-pull.

"No, no, sir! don't put yourself to the trouble. Give me the number of his room and direction, and I can find it myself."

"Number 71, sir, third floor; turn to the left at the landing."

And so furnished with the direction, he leisurely strolled off to find his friend in No. 71.

At the landing on third floor, not used to speaking tubes, he was startled by a mysterious voice, unintelligible to him, which seemed to well up from the floor of the hall. A strapping big Irishman, who was sweeping near by, sprang to a tin tube protruding from the wall, and placing his mouth to it, bawled out,

"Ay, ay, sir! what is it?"

Joe listened in wonder, and this time picked out the words from the thickened and deadened answer which rolled up from the bar-room:

"*I-o-o-k-e-r on third floor! w-a-t-c-h h-i-m!*"

Joe immediately prosecuted his search for No. 71, the big Irishman's broom touching his heels at every step, and the big Irishman's eyes fastened on him like a cat's upon a devoted mouse. No. 71 was found, but the gentleman was not in; and Joe and the Irishman, maintaining their relative positions, returned down stairs, through the sitting-room, bar-room, and into the street—our friend being literally swept out of the Broadway.—*Harper's Monthly.*

☞ DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF THE "CAN'T-GET-AWAY-CLUB."—*Dick*—"I say, Jack, suppose three bad eggs and a pair of old boots boiled down in a gallon of Croton, how do you think it would compare with Saratoga water?" *Jack* (Reflectively.)—"It wants another egg."

☞ Give me death, or give me Anastasia. What's life without Anastasia?—and what's Anastasia without life? Then give me death, or give me Anastasia!—with a decided preference for Anastasia.—*Poor Pillicoddy.*

LAWYER AND WITNESS.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in this city receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that Mr. A——— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:—

LAWYER.—"How old are you?"

WITNESS.—"Seventy-two years."

LAWYER.—"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

WITNESS.—"I do not know but it is."

LAWYER.—"State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

WITNESS.—"I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent!"

JUDGE.—"You had better answer the question."

LAWYER.—"Yes, sir; state it!"

WITNESS.—"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B———'s office, did you not?"

LAWYER.—"Yes."

WITNESS.—"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D———, my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was yesterday."

LAWYER (*considerably abashed*).—"That will do, sir."

WITNESS.—"I presume it will."

NEGRO WIT.—The following, illustrative of the readiness of negro wit, occurred on one of the boats plying between Norfolk and Portsmouth. A darkey, mounted on a really fine animal, whose foam-covered flanks evinced hard driving, rode on board, and halted in front of a group of passengers, among whom was a loquacious individual, evidently from the "land of sunrise." The horse was a noted and noble one, the property of Dr. B———, of Bowers Hill, where he was being driven in a case of some urgency, and his appearance naturally occasioned some remark. Sunrise, who, it seemed, was better acquainted with "old rye" than with 2.40, began to berate the darkey for what he thought his cruelty to the animal, and gave a "piece of his mind" gratis. Ebony listened with forced aspect, and occasionally replied. Sunrise, finally tiring of his subject, wound up with. "Well, it's none of my business, if you kill him even." Ebony, with solemn countenance, and a tone of voice feasible only to a negro, broke up the argument and floored his opponent with, "*Dat's jest what I thort!*"

A DYING MAN'S REPENTANCE.—A few years ago, Rev. Mr. B———, a faithful, fearless preacher, in one of the "hill towns" of Hampshire county, preached a pointed sermon against the use of ardent spirits, especially designed for a member of his congregation, who was in the habit of hiring his help at a low price, in consideration of the frequent "treats" that he furnished his workmen. "Old Nat" felt himself particularly "hit" by the discourse, as the *coat* fitted him exactly, and therefore absented himself from church for some two years. A few weeks ago he was seized with his last illness, and expressed a great anxiety to see Rev. Mr. B———, before he died. His son went post-haste for the minister, who, of course, was quite ready to respond to the dying man's summons.

On entering the room, he was greeted with the cool salutation, "Mr. B———, I am about to die; and I have sent for you that you might have a chance to *apologize to me* for that liquor sermon preached to me a few years ago!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRINDSTONE.

Tellson's Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having drawn his high wages, by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic one and indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's house had been first sequestrated, and then confiscated. For, all things moved so fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now upon the third night of the autumn month of September, patriot emissaries of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house, and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris, would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For, what would staid British responsibility and respectability have said to orange trees in boxes in a Bank court-yard, and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling, in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often does) at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come of this young Pagan, in Lombard street, London, and also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the immortal boy, and also of a locking-glass let into the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who danced in public on the slightest provocation. Yet, a French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well, and, as long as the times held together, no man had taken fright at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished; how many accounts with Tellson's, never to be balanced in this world, must be carried over into the next; no man could have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. He sat by a newly lighted wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year was prematurely cold), and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the court-yard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages—where, indeed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone; a roughly mounted thing which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighboring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of the window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire. He had opened, not only the glass window, but the lattice blind outside it, and he had closed both again, and he shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But, there was no loud irruption into the court-yard as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank, which a great charge would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this!" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms, imploringly,

"Oh, my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here, some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris?—in France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so. What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even, of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you; for, more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the court-yard; not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But, such awful workers, and such awful work!

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group, free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress; ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one color. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes;—eyes which any unbrutalized beholder would have given twenty years of life, to petrify with a well-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evremonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but, it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. Oh, the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife! And oh, the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered.

"What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted.

"Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is National property now, and used as a kind of armory, my love."

Twice more in all; but, the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer descried in the imperfect light, one of the carriages of Monsieugneur, and staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round, was this:—that he had no right to imperil Tellson's, by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but, the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first, his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine-shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling-place in the distracted state of the city. But, the same consideration that suggested him, repudiated him: he lived in the most violent Quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short time, in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross; giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the Bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said he to Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man, with dark, curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis, the words:

"Do you know me?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine-shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said—

"You come from Doctor Manette?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing:—

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favor that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved, after reading this note aloud, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing, as yet, in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke, Mr. Lorry put on his hat, and they went down into the court-yard. There they found two women; one, knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely!" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.

"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognize the faces, and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note—little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night, and might, but for a chance, have done to him.

"DEARREST,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry,

doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance, whom her eyes first encountered:

"Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope you are pretty well!"

She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie, as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child, that her mother instinctively kneeled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together, and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of those others.

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me, and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. "Oh, sister-woman, think of me! As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked coldly as ever at the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend, The Vengeance:

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough? All our lives we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression and neglect of all kinds?"

"We have seen nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow, indeed! No substance in it, Lucie!"

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BISHOP ONDERDONK.—In the Episcopal Convention of New York, after an exciting debate, the following was passed:

Resolved, That the remission of the sentence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk would be acceptable to this Convention, upon the condition that the restrictions upon the exercise of Episcopal powers and offices within the diocese, set forth in his letter to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, laid before this Convention, be annexed to the same, or such restrictions relative to the exercise of such powers as the House of Bishops may deem fit.

The majority was 128 of the Clergy and 20 of the Laity.

On motion of Judge Hoffman, the Secretary was directed to transmit the action of the Convention to the House of Bishops.

Among the Low Churchmen voting "aye," we see the names of Rev. Drs. Tyng, Hawks and Cutler, the two Guyons, of Brooklyn, etc.

The letter alluded to in the resolution, says he is willing to abstain from exercising any Episcopal functions, excepting under the direction of the Provisional Bishop (Potter.)

NEW FEMALE ENTHUSIASM.—The last "fashion" announced from Europe, is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go up to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the very poor, who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of Sunday clothes. Good idea, and worthy of adoption everywhere.

PARIS of Illinois are so terribly infested with rats, that one of the county agricultural societies—that of Logan—has offered three premiums of $50, $30 and $20, for the three largest exhibitors of rat scalps at their fair.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

Martin Wittenhaagen went straight to Rotterdam, to take the bull by the horns. The bull in question was Philip the Good, Duke of this, Earl of that, Lord of the other. Arrived at Rotterdam, he found the court was at Ghent. To Ghent he went, and sought an audience, but was put off and baffled by lackeys and pages. So he threw himself in his sovereign's way out hunting, and, contrary to all court precedents, commenced the conversation—by roaring lustily for mercy.

"Why, where is the peril, man?" said the Duke, looking all round, and laughing.

"Grace for an old soldier, hunted down by burghers!"

Now Kings differ in character like other folk; but there is one trait they have in common: they are mightily inclined to be affable to men of very low estate indeed. These do not vie with them in anything whatever, so jealousy cannot creep in; and they amuse them by their bluntness and novelty, and refresh them with a touch of nature—a rarity in courts. So Philip the Good reined in his horse and gave Martin almost a *tete-a-tete*, and Martin reminded him of a certain battle-field where he had received an arrow intended for his sovereign. The Duke remembered the incident perfectly, and was graciously pleased to take a cheerful view of it. He could afford to. Then Martin told his sovereign of Gerard's first capture in the church, his imprisonment in the tower, and the manœuvre by which they got him out, and all the details of the hunt; and, whether he told it better than I have, or that the Duke had not heard so many good stories as you have, certain it is the Duke got so excited that, when a number of courtiers came galloping up and interrupted Martin, he swore like a costermonger, and threatened, only half in jest, to cut off the next head that should come between him and a good story: and when Martin had done, he said,

"St. Luke! what sport goeth on in this mine earldom—ay! in my own woods, and I see it not. You fellows have all the luck." And he was indignant at the partiality of Fortune. "Lo, you now! this was a man-hunt!" said he. "*I* never had the luck to be at a man-hunt."

"My luck was none so great," replied Martin, bluntly; "I was on the wrong side of the dogs' noses."

"Ah! so you were: I forgot that." And royalty was almost reconciled to its lot.—"What would you then?"

"A free pardon, your highness, for myself and Gerard."

"For what?"

"For prison-breaking."

"Go to: the bird will fly from the cage. 'Tis instinct. Besides, coop a young man up for loving a young woman? These burgomasters must be void of common sense. What else?"

"For striking down the Burgomaster."

"Oh! the hunted boar will turn to bay. 'Tis his right, and I hold him less than man that grudges it him. What else?"

"For killing of the blood-hounds."

The Duke's countenance fell.

"'Twas their life or mine," said Martin, eagerly.

"Ay! but I can't have my blood-hounds, my beautiful blood-hounds, sacrificed to—"

"No, no, no! They were not your dogs."

"Whose, then?"

"The ranger's."

"Oh. Well, I am very sorry for him; but, as I was saying, I can't have my old soldiers sacrificed to his blood-hounds. Thou shalt have thy free pardon."

"And poor Gerard?"

"And poor Gerard, too, for thy sake. And more: tell thou this Burgomaster his doings mislike me; this is to set up for a King, not a Burgomaster. I'll have no Kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or by St. Jude I'll hang him before his own door, as I hanged the Burgomaster of what's the name, some town or other in Flanders it was; no, 'twas somewhere in Brabant—no matter—I hanged him; I remember that much—for oppressing poor folk."

The Duke then beckoned his chancellor, a pursy old fellow that sat his horse like a sack, and bade him write out a free pardon for Martin and one Gerard.

This precious document was drawn up in form, and signed next day, and Martin hastened home with it.

Margaret had left her bed some days, and was sitting pale and pensive by the fireside, when he burst in, waving the parchment, and crying,

"A free pardon, girl, for Gerard, as well as me! Send for him back when you will; all the Burgomasters on earth daren't lay a finger on him."

She flushed all over with joy, and her hands trembled with eagerness as she took the parchment and devoured it with her eyes, and kissed it again and again, and flung her arms round Martin's neck and kissed *him*. When she was calmer, she told him Heaven had raised him up a friend in the Dame Van Eyck.

"And I would fain consult her on this good news; but I have not strength to walk so far."

"What need to walk? There is my mule."

"Your mule, Martin?"

The old soldier, or professional pillager, laughed, and confessed he had got so used to her that he forgot at times Ghysbrecht had a prior claim. To-morrow he would turn her into the Burgomaster's yard, but to-night she should carry Margaret to Tergou.

It was nearly dusk; so Margaret ventured, and about seven in the evening she astonished and gladdened her new but ardent friend by arriving at her house—with unwonted roses on her cheeks, and Gerard's pardon in her bosom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Some are old in heart at forty, some are young at eighty. Margaret Van Eyck's heart was an evergreen. She loved her young namesake with youthful ardor. Nor was this new sentiment a mere caprice: she was quick at reading character, and saw in Margaret Brandt that which in one of her own sex goes far with an intelligent woman—genuineness. But, besides her own sterling qualities, Margaret Brandt had from the first a potent ally in the old artist's bosom.

Human nature.

Strange as it may appear to the unobservant, our hearts warm more readily to those we have benefitted than to our benefactors. Some of the Greek philosophers noticed this: but the British Homer has stamped it in immortal lines:—

> I heard, and thought how side by side
> We two had stemm'd the battle's tide
> In many a well-debated field,
> Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.
> I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
> Where Death bestrides the evening gale
> How o'er my friend my cloak I threw
> And fenceless faced the deadly dew.
> I thought on Quariana's cliff,
> Where, rescued from our foundering skiff
> Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
> Exhausted Mortram to the shore:
> And when his side an arrow found,
> I sucked the Indian's venomed wound
> These thoughts like torrents rushed along
> To sweep away my purpose strong.

Observe! this assassin's hand is stayed by memory, not of benefits received, but benefits conferred.

Now Margaret Van Eyck had been wonderfully kind to Margaret Brandt; had broken through her own habits to go and see her; had nursed her, and soothed her, and petted her, and cured her more than all the medicine in the world. So her heart opened to the recipient of her goodness, and she loved her now far more tenderly than she had ever loved Gerard, though, in truth, it was purely out of regard for Gerard she had visited her in the first instance.

When, therefore, she saw the unwonted roses on Margaret's cheek, and read the bit of parchment that had brought them there, she gave up her own views without a murmur.

"Sweetheart," said she, "I did desire he should stay in Italy five or six years, and come back rich, and, above all, an artist. But your happiness is before all, and I see you can't live without him, so we must have him home as fast as may be."

"Ah, madam! you divine my very thoughts." And the young woman hung her head a moment and blushed. "But how to let him know, madam? That passes my skill. He is gone to Italy; but what part, that I know not. Stay! he named the cities he should visit. Florence was one, and Rome. But then—"

Finally, being a sensible girl, she divined that a letter, addressed "My Gerard—Italy," might chance to miscarry, and she looked up imploringly at her friend for counsel.

"You are come to the right place, and at the right time," said the old lady. "Here was this Hans Memling with me to-day; he is going to Italy, girl, no later than next week—'to improve his hand,' he says. Not before 'twas needed, I do assure you."

"But how is he to find my Gerard?"

"Why, he knows your Gerard, child. They have supped here more than once, and were like hand and glove. Now, as his business is the same as Gerard's—"

"What! is he a painter then?"

"He passes for one. He will visit the same places as Gerard, and, soon or late, he must fall in with him. Wherefore, get you a long letter written, and copy out this pardon into it, and I'll answer for the messenger. In six months at farthest Gerard shall get it; and when he shall get it, then will he kiss it, and put it in his bosom, and come flying home. What are you smiling at? And now what makes your cheeks so red? And what you are smothering me for, I cannot think—My darling! yes! happy days are coming to my little pearl."

Meantime Martin sat in the kitchen, with the black-jack before him, and Richt Heynes spinning beside him; and, wow! but she pumped him that night.

This Hans Memling was an old pupil of Jan Van Eyck and his sister. He was a painter, notwithstanding Margaret's sneer, and a good soul enough, with one fault. He loved the "nipperkin, cannakin, and the brown bowl" more than they deserve. This singular penchant kept him from amassing fortune, and was the cause that he often came to Margaret Van Eyck for a meal, and sometimes for a groat. But this gave her a claim on him, and she knew he would not trifle with any commission she should entrust to him.

The letter was duly written, and left with Margaret Van Eyck; and, the following week, sure enough, Hans Memling returned from Flanders. Margaret Van Eyck, gave him the letter, and a piece of gold towards his travelling expenses. He seemed in a hurry to be off.

"All the better," said the old artist; "he will be the sooner in Italy."

But as there are horses who burn and rage to start, and after the first yard or two, want the whip, so all this hurry cooled into inaction when Hans got as far as the principal hostelry of Tergou, and saw two of his companions sitting in the bay window. He went in for a parting glass with them; but when he offered to pay, they would not hear of it. No; he was going a long journey; they would treat him—everybody must treat him, the landlord and all.

It resulted from this treatment that his tongue got as loose as if the wine had been oil; and he confided to the convivial crew that he was going to show the Italians how to paint; next he sang his exploits in battle, for he had handled a pike; and his amorous successes with females, luckily not present to oppose their version of the incidents. In short, "plenus rimarum erat; hac illuc diffluebat;" and among the miscellaneous matters that oozed out, he must blab that he was entrusted with a letter to a townsman of theirs, one Gerard, a good fellow. He added: "You are all good fellows;" and he slapped Sybrandt on the back so heartily, that the breath was driven out of his body.

Sybrandt, on this, got a long way off; but listened to every word, and learned for the first time that Gerard was gone to Italy. However, to make sure, he affected to doubt it.

"My brother Gerard is never in Italy."

"Ye lie, ye cur," roared Hans, taking instantly the irascible turn, and not remarking that he who sat opposite him was the same he had eulogized, and hit, when beside him. "If he was ten times your brother, he is in Italy. What call ye this? There, read me that superscription!" and he flung down a letter on the table.

Sybrandt took it up and examined it gravely; but eventually laid it down with the remark that he could not read. However, one of the company, by some immense fortuity, could read; and, proud of so rare an accomplishment, took it, and read it out:

"To Gerard Gerardson, of Tergou. These, by the hand of the trusty Hans Memling, with all speed."

"'Tis excellently well writ," said the reader, examining every letter.

"Ay!" said Hans, bombastically, "and small wonder: 'tis writ by a famous hand; by Margaret, sister of Jan Van Eyck. Blessed and honored be his memory! She is an old friend of mine, is Margaret Van Eyck!"

Miscellaneous Hans then diverged into forty topics.

Sybrandt stole out of the company, and went in search of Cornelis.

They put their heads together over the news; Italy was an immense distance off. If they could only keep him there!

"Keep him there? Nothing would keep him long from his Margaret."

"Curse him!" said Sybrandt. "Why didn't she die when she was about it?"

"*She* die! She would outlive the pest to vex us."

And he was wroth at her selfishness in not dying, to oblige.

These two black sheep kept putting their heads together, and tainting each other worse and worse, till at last their corrupt hearts conceived a plan for keeping Gerard in Italy all his life, and so securing his share of their father's substance.

But when they had planned it they were no nearer the execution: for that required talent; so iniquity came to a stand still. But presently, as if Satan had come between the two heads, and whispered into the right ear of one and the left of the other simultaneously, they both burst out at once with the same word:

"THE BURGOMASTER!"

They went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, and he received them at once; for the man who is under the torture of suspense, catches eagerly at knowledge. Certainty is often painful, but seldom, like suspense, intolerable.

"You have news of Gerard?" said he, eagerly.

Then they told about the letter and Hans Memling. He listened with restless eye.

"Who writ this letter?"

"Margaret Van Eyck," was the reply; for they naturally thought the contents were by the same hand as the superscription.

"Are ye sure?" And he went to a drawer and drew out a paper written by Margaret Van Eyck while treating with the Burgh for her house. "Was it writ like this?"

"Yes. 'Tis the same writing," said Sybrandt, boldly.

"Good! And now what would ye of me?" said Ghysbrecht, with beating heart, but a carelessness so well feigned that it staggered them. They fumbled with their bonnets, and stammered and spoke a word or two, then hesitated and beat about the bush, and let out by degrees that they wanted a letter written, to say something that would be sure to keep Gerard in Italy, and this letter they proposed to substitute in Hans Memling's wallet for the one he carried. While these fumbled with their bonnets and their iniquity, and vacillated between respect for a Burgomaster, and their knowledge that this one was as great a rogue as themselves, and, somehow or other, on their side against Gerard, pros and cons were coursing one another to and fro in the keen old man's spirit. Vengeance said let Gerard come back and feel the weight of the law. Prudence said keep him a thousand miles off. But then prudence said also, why do dirty work on a doubtful chance? Why put it in the power of these two rogues to tarnish your name? Finally, his strong persuasion that Gerard was in possession of a secret by means of which he could wound him to the quick, coupled with his caution, resulted thus:

"It is my duty to aid the citizens that cannot write. But for their matter, I will not be responsible. Tell me, then, what I shall write."

"Something about this Margaret."

"Ay, ay! that she is false, that she is married to another, I'll go bail."

"Nay, Burgomaster, nay! not for all the world!" cried Sybrandt; "Gerard would not believe it, or but half, and then he would come back to see. No, say that she is dead."

"Dead! what, at her age? will he credit that?"

"Sooner than the other. Why, she *was nearly* dead, so it is not to say a downright lie, after all."

"Humph! And you think that will keep him in Italy?"

"We are sure of it—are we not, Cornelis?"

"Ay," said Cornelis, "our Gerard will never leave Italy, now he is there. It was always his dream to get there. He would come back for his Margaret, but not for us. What cares he for us? He despises his own family—always did."

"This would be a bitter pill to him," said the old hypocrite.

"It will be for his good in the end," replied the young one.

"What avails Famine wedding Thirst," said Cornelis.

"And the grief you are preparing for him so coolly."

Ghysbrecht spoke sarcastically, but tasted his own vengeance all the time.

"Oh, a lie is not like a blow with a curtal axe. It hacks no flesh, and breaks no bones."

"A curtal axe!" said Sybrandt; "no, nor even like a stroke with a cudgel!" and he shot a sly envenomed glance at the Burgomaster's broken nose.

Ghysbrecht's face turned white with ire when this adder's tongue struck his wound. But it told, as intended: the old man bristled with hate.

"Well," said he, "tell me what to write for you, and I must write it; but, take notice, you bear the blame if aught turns amiss. Not the hand which writes, but the tongue which dictates, doth the deed."

The brothers assented warmly, sneering within. Ghysbrecht then drew his inkhorn towards him, and laid the specimen of Margaret Van Eyck's writing before him, and made some inquiries as to the size and shape of the letter; when an unlooked for interruption occurred; Jorian Ketel burst hastily into the room, and looked vexed at not finding him alone.

"Thou seest I have matter on hand, good fellow."

"Ay; but this is grave. I bring good news; but 'tis not for every ear."

The Burgomaster rose, and drew Jorian aside into the embrasure of his deep window, and then the brothers heard them converse in low but eager tones. It ended by Ghysbrecht sending Jorian out to saddle his mule. He then addressed the black sheep with a sudden coldness that amazed them:

"I value the peace of families; but this is not a thing to be done in a hurry: we will see about it, we will see."

"But, Burgomaster, the man will be gone. It will be too late."

"Where is he?"

"At the hostelry, drinking."

"Well, keep him drinking. We will see, we will see." And he sent them off discomfited.

To explain all this we must retrograde a step. This very morning, then, Margaret Brandt had met Jorian Ketel near her own door. He passed her with a scowl. This struck her, and she remembered him.

"Stay," said she. "Yes! it is the good man who saved him. Oh! why have you not been near me since? And why have you not come for the parchments? Was it not true about the hundred crowns?"

Jorian gave a snort: but, seeing her face that looked so candid, began to think there might be some mistake. He told her he had come, and how he had been received.

"Alas!" said she, "I knew nought of this. I lay at death's door." She then invited him to follow her, and took him into the garden and showed him the spot where the parchments were buried. "Martin was for taking them up, but I would not let him. *He* put them there, and I said none should move them but you, who had earned them so well of him and me."

"Give me a spade!" cried Jorian, eagerly. "But, stop! No; he is a suspicious man. You are sure they are there still?"

"Sure? I will openly take the blame if human hand hath touched them."

"Then keep them but two hours more, I prithee, good Margaret," said Jorian, and ran off to the Stadthouse of Tergou a joyful man.

The rest you have divined.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Burgomaster was also a joyful man as he jogged along towards Sevenbergen, with Jorian striding beside him, giving him assurance that in an hour's time the missing parchments would be in his hand.

"Ah, master!" said he, "lucky for us it wasn't a thief that took them?"

"Not a thief? not a thief? what call you him, then?"

"Well, saving your presence, I call him a jackdaw. This is a piece of jackdaw's work, if ever there was; take the thing you are least in want of, and hide it—that's a jackdaw. I should know," added Jorian, oracularly, "for I was brought up with a jackdaw. He and I were born the same year, but he cut his teeth long before me, and, wow, wow! but my life was a burden for years all along of him. If you had but a hole in your hose no bigger than a groat, in went his beak like a gimlet; and in the matter of stealing, he was Gerard all over. What he wanted least, and any poor Christian in the house wanted most, that went first. Mother was a notable woman, so if she did but look round, away flew her thimble. Father lived by cordwaining, so about sunrise Jack went diligently away with his awl, his wax, and his twine. After that, make your bread how you could! One day I heard my mother tell him to his face he was enough to corrupt half a dozen children; and he only cocked his eye at her, and next minute away with the nursling's shoe off his very foot. Now this Gerard is tarred with the same stick. The parchments are no more to him than a thimble or an awl to Jack. He took 'em out of pure mischief and hid them, and you would never have found them but for me."

"I believe you are right," says Ghysbrecht, "and I have vexed myself more than need."

When they came to Peter's gate he felt uneasy.

"I wish it had been anywhere but here."

Jorian reassured him.

"The girl is honest and friendly," said he. "She had nothing to do with taking them, I'll be sworn!" and he led him into the garden. "There, master, if a face is to be believed, here they lie; and, see, the mould is loose."

He ran for a spade which was stuck up in the ground at some distance, and soon went to work and uncovered a parchment. Ghysbrecht saw it, and thrust him aside and went down on his knees and tore it out of the hole. His hands trembled and his face shone. He threw out parchment after parchment, and Jorian dusted them and cleaned them and shook them. Now, when Ghysbrecht had thrown out a great many, his face began to darken and lengthen, and when he came to the last he put his hands to his temples and seemed to be all amazed. Then a chill traversed his frame.

"What mystery lies here?" he gasped. "Are fiends mocking me? Dig deeper! There *must* be another!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—*Bacon.*

FROM CALIFORNIA—SUCCESS OF THE LECOMPTON DEMOCRATS.—Three days later news has been received from San Francisco, by the overland mail. The election, which was held on the 7th ult., had resulted in the choice of Latham, the Lecompton candidate for Governor, by an estimated majority of 20,000. The vote on the Congressional ticket was much closer, with little chance, however, for the election of Baker (Repub.) and McKibben (A. L. Dem.), the opposition. There was a prospect of the election of the Anti-Lecompton candidate for State printer. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic. The People's Reform ticket has triumphed in San Francisco.

THE BALLOONISTS FOUND.—La Mountain and Haddock, the balloonists, landed in the Canada woods, three hundred miles from Watertown. They were four days without food, and lost the balloon. They were brought down the Ottawa by the Indians, in their canoes.

THE DIFFICULTIES WITH CHINA.—Com. Tatnall says, in his report to the Navy Department:—

"We reached the anchorage off the Peiho on the 21st of June, where we found the British and French Ministers and their fleet. On my first interview with the British Admiral, James Hope, I learned that the Ministers (English and French) had announced to the authorities on shore, the object of their visit, and that they should proceed by the river to Tientsin, on their way to Pekin, conformably with their 'treaties.' The Chinese had positively refused them the ascent of the river—the entrance to which they found very strongly fortified, and across which several lines of barricades had been constructed. The Chinese declare that this river, which we had all navigated as the Peiho a year ago, was only one mouth of the Tient-sin river, and that there was another entrance ten miles to the north, which entrance was called the Peiho, and was the point referred to in the treaties. They insisted that the Ministers should remain off this northern entrance until the arrival of the Commissioners from Shanghae, (which could not be short of two months,) when arrangements could be made to convey them to Pekin by this route.

"The British and French ministers, considering this an evasion with a view of gaining time to strengthen their defences, had deferred the matter to their respective naval commanders, who notified the Chinese that if the obstructions in the channel of the river were not removed by the 25th of June, the day for the exchange of treaties, they would themselves proceed to remove them.

"I will here remark that in the Chinese charts there is a small river emptying into the sea ten miles to the north of this, and which, diverging gradually from the course of the Peiho as you ascend it, has a source far in the interior; some twenty miles from its mouth it is connected with the river we know as the Peiho by a narrow creek, said to be dry at low, and having but five feet at high water."

The *London Morning Star* contains the following:—

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES IN FAULT.—Why did the Hon. Mr. Bruce insist on going up to Pekin by the river, which has in consequence become the scene of so dismal a tragedy, so shameful a disaster? That is the first question on which the English public must demand ample materials of judgment before giving loose to impulses of revenge, or forming resolutions of retrieval. It is the primary and essential elements of the case; but it is one of which the accounts received by the Overland Mail offer us no solution whatever. We know, from the Blue-book, published only the day before telegraphic news of this melancholy affair arrived, that Lord Elgin himself was strongly averse from enforcing that article of the treaty of Tient-sin, which gave us the right to direct communication with the Emperor. We know that His Lordship believed the Chinese Government to be perfectly sincere in their assurances that an Envoy should be honorably received if sent, but not less so in their entreaties that such a measure should be resorted to only in case an appeal from themselves to their Imperial Master should be deemed necessary. We know, moreover, that our Plenipotentiary appealed to the Government at home not to decide on sending an Ambassador to Pekin without further conference on the subject, and that Lord Malmesbury approved of Lord Elgin's intimation to the Chinese Commissioners that their wishes in this respect should be regarded. To the knowledge thus obtained from official sources, we have now to add that communicated by our Eastern cotemporaries—namely, that the Chinese authorities had given notice of their willingness to conduct the Envoys to Peking, and were actually in waiting to receive them at one of the mouths of the river, while the fleet was making its way up the stream which had been barred against the passage of armed vessels. What we do not know is, why the French and English Envoys had determined upon going to Peking at all; and why, after official notification that the forts had been rebuilt, they resolved upon forcing a passage, and so committing an act of hostility in order to the ratification of a treaty of peace.

FREE LOVE.—The Cincinnati Times tells some hard yarns occasionally. But they are readable for all of that. The last is of Miss Sarah A. Walker, whose father is a respectable and wealthy merchant in Cayuga, N. Y. She ran away from home a few weeks ago, and went among the people known as Free Lovers, at Berlin Heights. She sought a home with them. There she desired to live and die. She had read their organ, The Good Time Coming, and The Agitator, of Cleveland, and thought Berlin must be a delightful place, entirely free from the selfishness and cold-heartedness which mark and clog the outer world. Perhaps she thought her "affinity" was there, though of this we do not hear. She was disappointed. A few dozen seedy and long-haired men, and a like number of scraggy women in trowsers and short dresses, constituted the chief attractions of the place. She left and went to Cleveland, where she has friends. On Wednesday her father arrived, and will take her home, where we trust she will stay until some worthy and sensible young man comes along and pops the question. She is about seventeen years old, quite pretty, and of superior education. She said the people at Berlin treated her kindly, and made no objection to her leaving.

BANK CLERKS.—The New York Tribune says the discount clerk of one of the city banks recently resigned his situation. His resignation was accepted, his accounts investigated and pronounced all right, and a complimentary vote passed by the board for his attention to his duties, &c. He then stated to the board that he had a communication to make, as a caution to induce them to watch his successor. He stated that, notwithstanding his accounts were all correct at the time of resignation, he had, in fact, been using the bills receivable of the bank for years as collateral for loans, and employing the funds in the purchase of paper at usurious rates. By this course he had accumulated sufficient property to meet his moderate desires, and, having no further use for the facilities he had enjoyed, he had resigned.

A tremendously large bed of oysters, said to be three or four miles square, was discovered, a few days since, off Huntington, Long Island, by a party of fishermen from Norwalk, Ct. The value of the *placer* is said to be more than a million of dollars. A hundred boats or more were on Saturday busily at work diminishing the value of this discovery as rapidly as hands could work. All kinds of implements for the capture of these strangers which are said to vary in size from large to gigantic, have been sent for from Fair Haven and the other centres of the oyster trade.

NEWS ITEMS.

A BLIND CHESS-PLAYER.—Perhaps the only instance on record of a blind man acquiring a proficiency in the game of chess is that of a Mr. Lumley, an Englishman, who has lately been astonishing the English clubs by his skill. He has only been playing for about two years, and a-half, and yet at the Coventry chess club he conducted three games simultaneously, all of which, after a contest of four hours and a-half, terminated in his favor.

A YOUNG LADY, aged about sixteen, of considerable intelligence and prepossessing appearance, is now residing with the sheriff of Ottowa county, Ohio, preparatory to her removal to the lunatic asylum, who became insane from viewing the Aurora Borealis, a short time ago, which she was induced to believe betokened the approaching end of the world.

EXPLANATION OF A SENSATION ROW IN A THEATRE.—A few evenings since, while the curtain was down between the acts of the play at Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, a woman rose in the dress circle, and proceeded to address the house, exhorting them to repentance, and going on in a way to lead the audience to believe that she was demented. She was quietly led from the theatre, and peace was restored. It now turns out that she was not crazy at all, but that she undertook the preaching feat to win a wager of twenty-five dollars. The winner of the bet is said to be a Mr. John Hawkins.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."—In the town of Pekin, N. Y., resides Samuel Roberts, with his wife Selina, and their four daughters. They occupy a farm of a hundred acres, the work of which, such as ploughing, logging, planting, hoeing, taking care of teams, &c., has, during the last year been performed by the mother and daughters. The eldest daughter, aged eighteen, ploughed twenty acres, and one of the young sisters dragged in the grain. We call this practical woman's rights.

SUNDAY TRAVEL IN PITTSBURG.—The citizens of Lawrenceville, a populous suburb of Pittsburg, have petitioned Mayor Weaver to allow cars to be run on the Pittsburg and Lawrenceville Passenger Railway at such hours on Sunday as will enable them to reach the city in time for church service, and to return therefrom. The Mayor, in reply, assured them he would not arrest the conductors or drivers for a breach of the peace for running the cars in the manner requested.

FATHER CHINIQUY, who is just now somewhat of a notability—made so by his secession from the Roman Catholic Church, accompanied by his congregation of six or seven hundred souls, has at last finally settled down as an Episcopalian. His congregation has decided to connect themselves with the Episcopal Church.

THE Common Council of New York have granted to Mr. Lowe, the aronaut, the use of Reservoir Square (lately occupied by the Crystal Palace) for the exhibition of the air-ship City of New York. The process of inflation will occupy some days, during which time it is proposed to exhibit the machine for the gratification of the public. Mr. Lowe is making his preparations to start on his voyage about the middle of October.

THE London Court Journal says: "The Hon. Mr. L——— is just now creating extraordinary sensation in the House of Commons by the somewhat exceptionable nature of his costume. No one can doubt the moral courage of the honorable member, should he, in the fullness of time, become the first Lord of the Admiralty, as he now wears a white hat, crimson neckcloth, yellow waistcoat, purple inexpressibles, red socks, and lemon-colored kids."

TOM MOORE'S OAK.—A noble tree, known as "Tom Moore's Oak," situated in the middle of the road between Niagara and Queenstown, has gone to decay. It is the local tradition that under this tree the minstrel of Erin composed "The Woodpecker Tapping."

THE Queen of Boni, after having spent some time with her seraglio of twelve husbands at Paempa, has abdicated the sovereignty in favor of one of her native generals, rejoicing in the name of Aroe Palatta, who has been proclaimed King.

MR. SIMON H. ALLEN, of Shrewsbury, Mass., is now beginning to manufacture wine from our native grape on a large scale. Last year he bought all the grapes he could find, and manufactured therefrom six thousand gallons of wine.

AN Illinois editor says his party is on the verge of a precipice, but calls upon it to march *steadily ahead*.

IMPUDENT THIEVES.—The Waynesboro' (Pa.) Record says: Mr. Elie Harbaugh, an aged citizen, informs us that he was compelled to stand by his grape vines with his gun until two o'clock on Sunday morning last, to prevent parties from carrying off his grapes, and that during the time they assailed him with brickbats and stones.

THE Republican State Central Committee of California publish an announcement of the failure of the attempt to fuse the interests of the Republican and anti-Lecompton parties in the approaching State election, and accordingly recommend the Republicans to stick to their own ticket.

THE last number of the North British Review has an article on "New England Provincial Life," in which it is stated that "the title of the *Governor of New England* is His Excellency," and Boston is spoken of as the capital of New England! In another article on "Napoleonism and Italy," the date of Napoleon Bonaparte's first Italian campaign is given in *three* instances as 1805, instead of 1795.

MUMMIES FOR FUEL.—We see it stated that the first locomotive run in Egypt used mummies for fuel, making a very hot fire. The supply of mummies is said to be almost inexhaustible, and are used by the cord.

THE Liverpool (Eng.) Post says that a Mr. Napier, of Glasgow, Scotland, has made, it is said, a discovery recently, by which the consumption of fuel in steamships is greatly economized. It has been tried on several ocean steamships with success. The saving is one-third in the quantity used, so that on a voyage from Liverpool to the West Indies and back, the saving would be £1,500 and £2,000. This will be an immense advantage to the Great Eastern, and fortunately for her, she appears contemporary with the discovery.

SOME of the San Francisco papers have published portraits of Mr. Greeley. They seem to have taken for this purpose such wood cuts as they had on hand, and instead of adapting the portrait to the original, they content themselves with adapting the description to the portrait. It was found necessary in one case to make him a "stout, burly, dark-complexioned man, with black hair, and a good deal of black whisker."

BY way of Havana, we have some later intelligence from Jamaica. The Aurora Borealis was witnessed in that Island, it seems, for the first time, perhaps, since its discovery by Christopher Columbus. So rare is the phenomenon in those latitudes, that it was taken for the glare of a fire, and was associated with the recent riots. Up to the latest advices, it had not entered into the imagination of the most astute to refer it to a celestial cause. It is described as magnificent and beautiful in the extreme.

THREE young men watched with a dead body in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently. One fell asleep, the second robbed him of his watch and money, and the third told of it in court; he said he had one eye open and saw the filching, which he considered highly disgraceful under the circumstances. The thief had refused to go halves.

ROME, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Professor Coe, accompanied by Mr. Cottman, of Rome, made a balloon ascension to-day. When at the height of two miles, the balloon burst, and turned up in the top of the netting, forming a parachute. The voyagers, after a perilous descent, landed safely in a swamp, three miles from the starting point.

A NEW YORK paper says that as Mr. N. K. West, of Vienna, was riding in a sulkey to the town Fair at North Bay, last Wednesday, a two-year old colt, which he was leading behind, became frightened, and jumped clear over the sulkey, just missing Mr. West's head, and landed by the side of the horse in the harness!

FOR accommodating the Empress of Russia and her suite in her hotel for one night only, two years ago, a landlord in Basle charged three thousand four hundred dollars. She thought the hotel bill exorbitant, and this year she took cooks along with her, and had her dinner served in the railway refreshment-room.

THE wheat crop in Wisconsin turns out to be a very fair one, averaging about 15 bushels to the acre.

A CURIOUS fraud in the sale of hay has been discovered in Boston. The hay was so loaded that a person could crawl into a hole left near the bottom of the cart, and in this place a colored man, in the employ of the hay speculator, was in the habit of concealing himself while the hay was being weighed. Some of the purchasers have paid for him many times over.

GRACE GREENWOOD is announced as one of the lecturers in Boston the coming winter. Like all cultivated women, Grace can talk eloquently, as well as write brilliantly.

Ir is on chit in New York, that a distinguished Southern belle and *litterateur* will make her *debut* on the New York boards during the present autumn, or early in the ensuing winter. No reason is alleged for this.

THE Rev. Mr. Wright, a clergyman of Cleveland, is under a heavy cloud, being charged with licentious conduct in connection with *nine* young ladies of his congregation.

MR. DICKENS writes to Col. Foster, of the Boston Mercantile Association, that he has "no intention of visiting America in the ensuing autumn."

THE Paris papers notice the death of the greatest modern duellist, M. Choquart. He is said to have fought thirty duels—in twenty-nine of which he was worsted, only once having succeeded in wounding his adversary, and he was his very best friend, with whom he had quarrelled on some frivolous pretext.

THE failure of the great Boston publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., is a bad one, and still unexplainable. Many of the paper manufacturers are their creditors, and they will be glad to take fifty cents on the dollar for their claims.

WE hear a rumor that a company of the leading contributors to the Atlantic Monthly, including Dr. Holmes, James Russell Lowell and Professor Longfellow, is forming for its purchase and ownership.

THE question of the future annexation of west Florida to Alabama, is exciting considerable interest among the citizens of both States. During the approaching election in Florida, it will form one of the principal topics of consideration.

THE House of Representatives of Massachusetts have voted to expunge the word "white" from the militia laws, by 140 to 31. This gives colored men a chance to train when they have a mind to, and allows them to organize military companies, as well as their white brethren, provided the action of the House is concurred in by the Senate, and not nullified by a veto from Gov. Banks.—*Exchange paper.*

A MRS. PRESCOTT LAWRENCE, of Winhall, Vt., died a few days since of consumption, and as a number of the family had previously died of the same disease, the family went through the superstitious farce of burning the lungs, heart and liver of the deceased, to prevent any more from dying of the same disease.

THE Chiriqui graves are not yet giving up their golden images in sufficient abundance to satisfy the desires of the treasure seekers. A most careful demonstration has shown that 300 pounds of pure gold represents the entire quantity taken out of the graves. This would give only the sum of $75,000, calculating the value at $250 per pound. To gather this $75,000 has required 465,000 days' work, performed by about 15,000 persons, mostly during the month of July.

NOTHING has been heard of La Mountain and Haddock, who went up in a balloon from Watertown, N. Y., on the 22d ult. They passed across the lower end of Lake Ontario, in a northeasterly direction. The rumor that they had been heard from Kingston, C. W., proves to be unfounded, and the aronants had not been heard from at Troy, N. Y., the home of La Mountain.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 30.—Professor La Mountain's balloon has been seen at Harrisville, Lewis county, passing over the New York wilderness, going due East, at a great elevation. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the discovery of the bodies alive, and $500 if dead. A party will go to the woods to-morrow to institute a search.

LETTERS from Florence state that Mrs. Browning has passed most of the summer at Sienna, in Tuscany, seeing no visitors, and most of the time unable to walk, except across the room. She has gained strength, and her worst symptoms have abated. In her immediate vicinity, Walter Savage Landor has been living.

IMPORTING OF GERMAN DANCING GIRLS TO BE STOPPED.—The Germans of San Francisco have held a meeting to take measures to stop the importation of dancing girls from Germany. Large numbers of German girls, from twelve to eighteen years of age, are now employed in California at low dancing houses, which are open every evening, and free to all. Their employers make contracts with their parents in Germany to pay a large price, varying from $1 to $5 per day for the girls, during a period of several years, and to pay their passage to California and back. The contracts are usually faithfully kept by the employers, and the girls rarely break their part of the bargain. Most of the girls come from Hanover and the vicinity of Bremen.

A TRIAL has just terminated in England, resulting in establishing a law relative to kissing. A gentleman undertook to kiss a lady because she said he couldn't. A tussle ensued, both fell on the floor, and in the melee she bit the man's nose off—but did not get kissed. He brought a suit for damages, and the court ruled that a man has no right to run any such risk with his nasal organ unless he was willing to stand what damages might come from such a trial of strength.

THE London Herald, speaking of Portland, says:—"*It was by the famous 'Ashburton capitulation' that the State of Maine was ceded to the United States.* Its geographical position marked it out as peculiarly belonging to British territory, but the importance of securing an excellent Atlantic seaport for Canada and British North America did not appear, in the days when the boundary question was agitated, to be a matter of so much importance to this country as amicable relations with the government of the adjoining States." A pitiable exhibition of ignorance for a London editor.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—42 head I Abrahams, Westmoreland co, 8½@9½; 31 A Phillips, Ohio, 8@9½; 35 A Kennedy, Chester co, 8@9; 140 Mooney & Smith, Ohio, 7@9½; 53 A Hackman, Lancaster co, 7@8. 30 D Gemmill, Del co, 6½@8; 28 W Fuller, Fayette co. 8½@8½; 38 Henderson & Co, Chester co, 8@8. 19 Kurtz, Ohio, 7@8½; 28 Montgomery, Chester co, 8@9; 4 Smith, do, 7@8; 70 J Miller, do 9@10. Sheep—12,487 head at market, and selling at 7 to 8c ₱ lb. Cows—60 head at market, and selling from $20 to 40, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—11 W Alexander, Chester co, 8@9; 11 J Mackey, Md, 8@8½; 39 H Brown, Ohio, 4½; 53 Young, Chester co, 8@8½; 84 J Miles, Va, 7@8. 10 Allen, Md. 8@8½; 31 J Menah, Chester co, 8@9; 19 A Thomas, Indiana co, 7@9. 20 J Brenneman, Lancaster co, 4.

A VERY DRY NURSE.—The English papers state that the nurse of an opulent family in London, who rendered her account annually for little nursery etceteras, among other things put down the modest sum of $1,750 for brandy to sponge the children with.

HUMBOLDT AND HOOFLAND.

Which is the greatest? While the one has explored the almost inaccessible mountain regions of South America, and added largely to our geographical knowledge, the other has given his attention to the mitigation of human suffering, and in his invention of the famous German Bitters, known in this country as HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, has conferred an invaluable boon upon mankind. Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Nervous Debility are speedily and permanently cured by this remedy. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—There is very little export inquiry for Flour, but, under a good trade demands the market is firmer at the close, and some holder, are indifferent about selling at previous quotations. The sales for shipment, however, only reach some 4500 bbls, mostly taken in small lots at $4,87½@5 for standard superfine, $5,25@5,62½ for extra, and $5,75@6 ₱ bbl for extra family, as in quality. The retailers and bakers have been buying more freely, within the above range of prices for superfine and extra, and from $6,25 to 6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour continues very scarce, with further small receipts and sales of fresh ground at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce and in better demand, and about 750 bbls Penna Meal sold at $3,50, at which it is wanted.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat are light, and holders with a moderate milling demand, have realized rather better prices for strictly prime parcels, the week's sales reaching about 24,000 bus, in lots, at 118@120c for good and prime reds, the latter for choice Tennessee, and 125@135c for white. Rye continues scarce, and in good demand, at a further advance, and all offered, some 5000 bus, sold at 83@85c, including some lots at a higher figure, to arrive, exact terms not public. Corn has been in steady demand and firm, at previous quotations, with sales of about 30,000 bush yellow to note, mostly for shipment, at 85@86c in store and in the cars, and 86@87c afloat, chiefly at the latter rate, including some damaged at 80@83c, and fair white at 82@83c. Oats are better, and about 20,000 bus have been taken at 37@39c for new Southern mostly at 38c for prime Delaware, afloat, and 39c for old Pennsylvania, in store. Barley is firmer, and some considerable contracts are reported for future delivery, on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS.—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced, and the market generally is firmer, and rather more active, Mess Pork selling in lots at $16¼@16½; some heavy city packed brought $17 ₱ bbl, on time, for shipment. Mess Beef ranges at $12@15½ for western and city packed, with small sales for ship stores. Bacon is also on the advance, with sales of 300 casks Sides and Shoulders to note, mostly to go south at 10½c for the former and 8½c for the latter. Hams are scarce, and selling at 11@13c, the latter for fancy cured. Green Meats are also scarce, with sales of 300 casks, principally shoulders in salt, to note, at 8c. Hams are held at 10c, and Sides at 9½c ₱ lb. Of Lard sales of about 1200 tcs and bbls are reported, principally for export, at 11½c, cash, now held at 11½c, and kegs at 12½c ₱ lb. Butter moves off slowly at 10@12c for packed, and 13@14c ₱ lb for roll, as in quality. Cheese is steady at 9½@10c. Eggs are better, and selling at 16@17c, as to lots.

COTTON.—The market has been rather unsettled; 900 bales have been disposed of, in lots, ranging at from 11½ to 12¾c for Uplands, and 12 to 13½c for Gulfs, cash, the latter for middling fair quality.

BARK.—Quercitron comes in slowly, and about 70 hhds have been disposed of at $29 for 1st No 1, which is the uniform asking rate. No change in Tanners' Bark, and but little selling.

BEESWAX is wanted at 36c, but there is very little offering, and holders generally ask more for good Yellow.

COAL.—Orders are rather more plenty, but the scarcity of vessels and high rates of freight checks business, and the market is dull for the season: the receipts have also been light, owing to the late freshet, and prices are unchanged.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, and quite active at a further advance, and sales of 8000 bags Rio are reported at 11½@12¼c, for fair to prime quality, including two entire cargoes at our lowest figures.

COPPER continues dull at 26@27c for Sheathing. Of Yellow Metal, some further small sales are reported at 20c, 6 mos.

FRUIT.—Sales of Green Apples at from $1 to $3 ₱ bbl, as in quality. The season for Peaches is over. Of Dried Fruit, which is beginning to arrive, we hear of no sales to establish a quotation for either apples or peaches.

HEMP.—The market is unchanged, but very quiet at former quotations.

HIDES are generally held above the views of buyers, and prices are altogether nominal: the only sales we hear of is an import of wet salted African, taken on terms kept private.

HOPS are firmer, owing to something of a speculative movement at the east, and now are selling at 15@17c. Old are quoted at 6@12c, as in quality.

IRON.—Holders of Pig Metal continue very firm in their views, and most of them pretty well sold up at previous quoted rates. Sales include about 1500 tons, in lots, at $22@22½ for Anthracite No 2, and $23@23½ for No 1, on time, and the former is rather scarce. 500 tons forge sold at $21: 50 tons Charcoal Wheel Iron at $31, and 100 tons Pipe at about $39, all 6 mos. Sales to the extent of 5000 tons are also reported to go west from the furnace bank, on terms we could not learn. Scotch Pig is offered at $25, 6 mos, ex-ship, but we hear of no sales. In manufactured Iron orders are liberal, and the prices of bars and rails steady.

LEAD is unchanged, and sales of about 1500 pigs Galena and Virginia are reported at $5,85 the 100 lbs, part on time, with interest.

LEATHER.—There is a better feeling in the market, and for good stock the demand is active at fully former rates. Other kinds, however, are dull, and quotations about the same.

LUMBER continues dull, with a limited business only to note in White and Yellow Pine Boards at quotations. Of Lathe and Pickets the sales are also moderate, and prices the same.

MOLASSES.—The market is very inactive, and prices are nearly nominal, with a small business only to note at 40c for New Orleans and Cuba at 20@27c, on time.

PLASTER.—But little offering or selling, and we quote soft at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS.—There is rather more demand for Clover-seed, and prices are better: sales including some 1200 bus new seed at $5,25@5,62½, mostly at $5,50 ₱ bus, at which rate the dealers are buying. Timothy is dull, and sales are reported at from $2 to 2,50 ₱ bus for common to prime: the demand is limited. Domestic Flaxseed continues steady at $1,60 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is a moderate business doing in Brandy and Gin, without any change to notice in prices. N. E. Rum is selling as wanted at 35@37c. Whiskey has been somewhat unsettled, prices ranging at 25@25½c for drudge, 26½c for hhds, and 28½@27½c for Pennsylvania, Ohio and prison bbls.

SUGAR.—The market has been more active this week and prices at the close are fully ½c better, with sales to the extent of about 1800 hhds, chiefly Cubas, to note, in lots, at from 5½ to 7c, mostly at 6@6½, including some small sales of New Orleans at 6½@7¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—The market is steady at 11c. for city, 10@10½ for country, and a limited business to note.

TOBACCO is steady in price, with about the usual business doing in leaf and manufactured. Some sales of Seed Leaf have also been made at former prices, but the market is quiet.

WOOL.—There have been some Eastern buyers looking through the market, but the transactions have been light for the season, the firmness of holders having a tendency to check business, and the sales are mostly in small lots at fully former rates.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 1.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is 10c lower: sales at $4,55@4,65 for State, and $5,40@5,50 for Ohio. Wheat heavy; sales of 5000 bus at $1,45 for white, and $1,27 for Western. Corn firm; sales of 15,000 bus at 92c for mixed. Pork steady at $15,80@15,85 for Mess, and $10,62½ for Prime. Lard firm. Whiskey firm.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. GEORGE HYDE, to Miss EMMA NAYLOR.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Gallhopper, Mr. VALENTINE W. BROWN, Sr. to Miss LYDIA A. C. SHEPARD, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 22d of May, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM A. DUNGAN, to Mrs. CHRISTIANNA LANE, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. THOMAS H. VANNEVER, to Miss KATE MCCANN, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. COWGILL, to Miss EDITH S. ELLIS, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Lundy, Mr. WILKINSON G. CONRAD, to Miss MARTHA C. GREEN, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JOSEPH MCMULLIN, to Miss JANE MCCAY, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. G. W. Showman, Mr. PEYER A. SAAS, to Miss ANN A. BARKER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, WILLIAM JOHNSON, aged 39 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JOSEPH SPRINGER, aged 20 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA R. wife of the late Thos. T. Bleyler, aged 48 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY A. REINHART, aged 22 years.

On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM MARSHALL, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY HENDERSON, aged 65 years.

On the 26th ultimo, MARGARET MOWREN, aged 60 years.

On the 25th ultimo, THOMAS N. THOMPSON, aged 47 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. DORAS HAYES, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA, wife of Jas. Pugh, aged 49 years.

On the 26th ultimo, CAROLINE LEVERING, wife of Wm. Booth.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. CAROLINE FORBES, aged 52 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Capt. MORRIS SHEEN, aged 39 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	94	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	70	—
" " coupon	—	85
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County	—	—
" R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	103	—
" 5 "	85	90½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99½	—
Ohio " 1886	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct, new bonds	91½	92
N Jersey 6 pr ct, 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136	137
Philadelphia	—	120
Far & Mec	—	59½
Commercial	—	61
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	27½	27½
Southwark	59	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64	65
Girard	—	47
Western	—	66
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	42½	—
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	26½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	106	108
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	3½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	65
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	102
" 2nd "	—	88
" stock	30½	30½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1884	—	95
" stock	123	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	82	82½
" mort 6's '44	80	—
" '80	69½	70
" stock	22½	22½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	90	93
" stock	30	30
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	30	30
6 pr ct loan, '60	93a	—
Ches Val R R, '73	30½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	80
Williams & Elmira 1st mort	65	80
" 2nd "	—	15
" stock	½	1
Catawissa "	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	46½	47½
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	6½	8½
" 6 pr ct loan	62	63½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	10½	—
" 6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Mitchell's R R	—	88
Har & Lan R R stock	98	99
" bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	18
Long Island R R stock	10½	11½
" bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31	—
N Y Central	72	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	84	—
Michigan Southern	74	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	76	77
" imp. 6 pr ct	77	90
" stock	8	9
" preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
" mort 6 pr ct	99	—
" scrip	25½	28
Morris Consol'd	50	50½
" preferred	104½	—
Ches & Del	40	—
" bonds	77½	—
Union "	—	94
Susq Canal	20	21
Sus & Tidewater	24	4
" bonds, 1879	30	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore ¼ dis	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	
MAINE.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
OHIO.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
INDIANA.	
State bank ½ dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 2½ dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks 2½ dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
CANADA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

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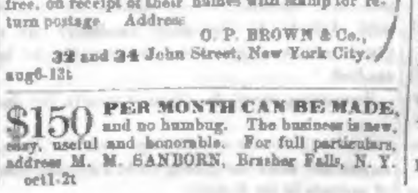

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OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES.

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THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

(CONCLUDED.)

The luxury of a good garden can hardly be appreciated till you have been in possession of one, more especially where there are many children. The way we used to preserve currants, gooseberries, plums, damsons, and, indeed, almost every description of fruit, was this: The wide-mouth bottles which are sold for the purpose were filled with fruit, six ounces of powdered loaf sugar were shaken in among it; the bottles were then tied down as closely as possible with bladder, and placed up to the neck in a copper, or large saucepan, of cold water, which was allowed to come slowly to the boil. They remained in it till the water was quite cold, when they were taken from the water and wiped quite dry. Before placing them in the store-room, the bottle was turned upside down, in order to see that they were perfectly air-tight, for on this depends the fruit keeping good. The fruit will sink to about the middle of the bottle, and we once tried to fill them up with some from another, but opening them admitted the air, and the contents did not keep well. If properly done, they will be good at the end of a year.

If any lady undertake the management of a Four Acre Farm, she must expect it to occupy a great deal of her time; if she leave it to servants, however honest, she will lose by it. It is not that things are stolen, but that they are wasted, unless the mistress herself knows what quantities of barley, oats, &c., her poultry and pigs consume; and unless she looks daily into her dairy, and see that the milk is well skimmed, half the cream will be thrown into the wash-tub.

A six months' longer experience of the country only confirmed my sister and myself in the conviction that we had in every way made a most desirable change when we quitted London for our small farm; but if we had been too fine or too indolent to look after our dairy and poultry yard, I believe that our milk, butter, eggs, poultry and pork would have cost us as much more as we could have purchased them for in town.

All the good things we were daily consuming in the country would have come to us in London,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

I know that many of our old friends were really shocked when we told them laughingly, of our new pursuits, and that the butter they so much praised, and the apricot-cheese they ate with so much gusto, were manufactured by our own hands. We were "poor thinged" to our faces in a very pitying manner, but we always laughed at these compassionate people, and endeavored to convince them we spoke the truth in sober earnest, when we assured them we found great amusement in our new pursuits. They shook their heads and sighed in such a manner, that we knew perfectly well that, as soon as we were out of ear-shot, they would say, "Poor things! it is very sad, but they are quite right to try and make the best of it." I believe some of them thought that it was impossible we could have "souls above butter;" for a lady who called one day, taking up one of Mudie's volumes from the table, said:

"Is it possible you care to subscribe to Mudie's?"

"And why should we not care to do so?" replied H.

"Why," was the answer, "I do not see any connection between a love of reading and a love of butter-making."

Now I do not think that either of us had any love of butter-making; and if we could have afforded to give £20 a-year to a dairymaid, no doubt we should have left all to her management; but as it was we were obliged to buy it—and very bad it was in our town—or make it ourselves; nor do either my sister or myself regret our resolution to do so.

At first we were quite proud of our skill, and told every one of our success with great triumph. Now—for womanhood is weak—we are content to hear our dairymaid praised for her beautiful butter by our acquaintance, and Tom extolled for his care of the chickens. It is only our friends, among whom I reckon my readers, who know that the butter is made, and chickens fed, by the mistresses of "The Four Acre Farm."

CHAPTER XV.

OUR PONY.

I have been told by several friends that, in order to render this little book complete, I should add a chapter detailing the expenses we incurred by keeping a pony and carriage.—Some persons imagine that this is an article of luxury which may well be dispensed with; but though it may not be absolutely necessary, the expense attending one is so slight, in comparison with the comfort and pleasure derived from its possession, that I believe such of my readers as may contemplate residing in the country, will readily agree with me, when I have told them the amount it will cost them to keep it—that if it is a luxury, it is one of the very cheapest in which they can indulge.

Without such a convenience a carriage must be hired every time any member of the family has occasion to go to the railway station; and besides that, it is useful for bringing home a variety of articles which in the country are frequently purchased at places five or six miles from home. Then it is a great pleasure to be able to meet your friends at a station, whenever they are kind enough to leave London for the purpose of passing a few days with you in the country.

My sister and myself contrived to extract profit as well as pleasure from our little equipage. During the summer months we frequently drove up to London; the short journey was very pleasant, and this mode of making it possessed the great advantage of costing nothing but 2s. 6d. for the pony, and 6d. for turnpikes. Not that we had the temerity to drive through London. We always left the pony two miles before we reached town, with strict orders to the civil ostler to whose care we confided him, to take great care of him, and be sure and give him a "good feed." We then proceeded on our way in a cab, which cost us no more than we should have paid for one from the station.

Where there is a gentleman in the family, a dog-cart* is the most convenient vehicle which can be kept; but as that would not be suitable for a lady, we contrived to make the back seat of the carriage do duty for the well of the dog-cart, and it was astonishing how many light packages we managed to "stow away" in it. I will not dilate on the pleasant drives through quiet lanes, of the delight afforded to the children when allowed to have a ride on "Bobby," nor of the great facility it gave us of being out of doors in winter, when, as was very frequently the case, the state of the roads was such as to render walking an impossibility; still I hope I have stated sufficient to give my readers a good idea of the great pleasure they will derive from keeping a pony; and I will now, with the bills of the miller and farrier before me, proceed to show the sum for which it may be kept. Our pony cost for food, from the 4th of January to the 24th of December in the same year, £9 6s. 8d. He consumed during that period five quarters of oats, at £1 12s. the quarter, and five bushels of beans, which cost £1 6s. 8d. The farrier's bill for the same time amounted to £1 3s. 6d. Perhaps it will be as well to copy this account, as it will clearly show how often it is requisite to change the shoes of a horse. Of course a deal must depend on the quantity of work he does; ours was certainly not spared, though we do not deserve the character so usually given to ladies, of being unmerciful to horses—"running them off their legs," "thinking they can never get enough out of the poor beast," "driving them as if they thought they could go forever," are the accusations brought against the ladies of a family where horses are kept.

The following is a copy of the bill for our pony's shoes for twelve months:

		s.	d.
Feb.	24. Four removes,	1	4
Mar.	22. Four shoes,	3	0
April	20. Four removes,	1	4
May	15. Two shoes,	1	6
June	9. Four shoes,	3	0
July	8. Four shoes,	3	0
Aug.	9. Four shoes,	3	0
Sept.	1. Four shoes,	3	0
Oct.	11. Two shoes,	1	6
Nov.	25. Two shoes,	1	6
Dec.	24. Two shoes,	1	6
		£1	3 8
	Add to this miller's bill	£9	6 8
		£10	10 4

and we have the whole expense for keeping a pony for one year. "Oh! but," some one may exclaim, "you have put down nothing for straw and hay, and horses require a good deal of both." Quite true; but then in the country, if you do not keep a horse, you must buy manure for your garden, and that will cost you quite as much as if you purchased straw; and as for the hay, did it not come off the Four-Acre Farm?

It is one of the great advantages of the country that nothing is lost, and thus the straw which figures so largely in the bill of a London corn-chandler, and which, when converted into manure, is the perquisite of your groom, becomes in the country the means of rendering your garden productive.

Before I resided in the country the pony cost me more than four times the sum I have mentioned; the stable was apart from the house, and I knew nothing for months of the bills run up on his account. I once had a bill sent in for sugar!

"Why, George, what can the pony want with sugar?"

"Why, ma'am, you said some time ago that the pony looked thin, so lately I have always mixed sugar with his corn; nothing fattens a horse like sugar."

Now what could I complain of? This man had been recommended to me as a "treasure," and one who would do his duty by the pony, which, I may mention, was a very beautiful one, and a great pet; so if George considered sugar good for him, what could I do but pay the bill, and say, "Let him have sugar, by all means!" Not that "Bobby" was a bit the fatter or better for having his corn sweetened. An intimate friend of mine, who always kept three or four horses, laughed outright when I told him the pony had consumed such a quantity of sugar, and expressed his opinion that very little of that article had ever been in his manger. Under the same superintendence "Bobby" wore out four times the number of shoes; and as at that time I had to purchase hay and straw as well as corn, all on the same scale of magnitude, the expense of keeping the little carriage really did cost more than the convenience attending it was worth; and had not the pony been the gift of a beloved friend, we should have parted with it when we quitted London, as at that time we were ignorant how cheaply it could be maintained in the country. There we had a servant who was content with his wages, and did not seek to make them greater by combining with tradesmen to defraud his employers. If any of my readers commence keeping a pony in the country, they may rely that it need not cost them a penny more than I have put down. Of course they must have the hay from their own grounds, and neither reckon the cost of the straw nor the labor of the man who attends to the pony. Ours did all the "jobs" about the place—cleaned the knives and shoes, milked the cows, fed the pigs and poultry, helped in the garden, and, in short, made himself "generally useful." Now, a servant who is able and willing to do all this, besides properly attending to a pony and carriage, is very difficult to be met with, but he is absolutely necessary for a place in the country where economy has to be studied.

Something must be allowed yearly for the wear and tear of carriage, harness, &c., but it need not be much. Any gentleman can easily calculate the sum which may fairly be allowed for these items; I only think it my part to show the expense attending a pony in the country; and though those who have been in the habit of keeping horses in London, either in a livery or private stable, may think it impossible to maintain one for £10 10s. 4d. yearly, let them leave town for a Four-Acre Farm, and they will find that I have spoken the truth on this point, as well as on all the other subjects of which I have given my experience in this little volume.

* Some American readers may require to be informed that this is the name given to a peculiar kind of carriage by the English.

A BRIDAL TOUR—OR YOUNG LOVE'S FIRST DAY AT SEA.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

It is with considerable diffidence the writer ventures to give the public this slight sketch of her experience in farming four acres of land.

When she finally resolved to fix her residence in the country, she was wholly ignorant how she ought to manage, so that the small quantity of land she rented might, if not a source of profit, be at least no loss.

She was told by a friend, who for a short time had tried "a little place" at Chiselhurst, that it was very possible to lose a considerable sum yearly by undertaking to farm a very small quantity of land. "Be quite sure," said the friendly adviser—"and remember, I speak from experience—that whatever animals you may keep, the expense attending them will be treble the value of the produce you receive. Your cows will die, or, for want of being properly looked after, will soon cease to give any milk: your pigs will cost you more for food than would buy the pork four times over; your chickens and ducks will stray away, or be stolen; your garden produce will, if worth anything, find its way to Covent Garden; and each quarter your bills from the seedsman and miller will amount to as much as would supply you with meat, bread, milk, butter, eggs, and poultry, in London."

Certainly this was rather a black state of things to look forward to; but the conviction was formed, after mature reflection, that a residence some miles from town was the one best suited to the writer's family. She was compelled to acknowledge to those friends, who advised her to the contrary, her ignorance on most things appertaining to the mode of life she proposed to commence, but trusted to that often-talked-of commodity, common sense, to prevent her being ruined by farming four acres of land.

She thought, if she could not herself discover how to manage, she might acquire the requisite knowledge from some of the little books she had purchased on subjects connected with "rural economy." They proved, however, quite useless. They appeared to the writer to be merely compilations from larger works; and like the actors in the barn, who played the tragedy of "Hamlet," and omitted the character of the hero, so did these books leave out the very things which, from the title-pages, the purchaser expected to find in them.

Some time after experience had shown how butter could be made successfully, a lady, who had been for years resident in the country, said, during a morning call,

"My dairymaid is gone away ill, and the cook makes the butter; but it is so bad we cannot eat it; and besides that nuisance, she has this morning given me notice to leave. She says she did not 'engage' to 'mess' about in the dairy."

"Well," said the writer, "why not make the butter yourself, till you can suit yourself with a new servant?"

"I have tried," said the visitor, "but cannot do it. My husband is very particular about the butter being good, so I was determined to see if I could not have some that he could eat; therefore I *pored* over Mrs. Rundle, and other books, for a whole day, but could not find how to begin. None of them told me how to *make* the butter, though several gave directions for potting it down when it was made. I made the boy churn for more than three hours, yesterday morning, but got no butter after all. *It would not come.*"

The weather was very cold, and it occurred to the listener to ask the lady *where* the boy churned, and where the cream had been kept during the previous night.

"Why, in the dairy, to be sure," was the answer; "and my feet became so chilled by standing there, that I can hardly put them to the ground since. Cook could not succeed more than I did, and said, the last time she made it it was between four and five hours before the butter came; and then, as I have told you, it was not eatable."

The writer explained to her friend that the reason why she could not get the butter, as well as why cook's was so bad, was on account of the low temperature of the cream when it was put into the churn. She then gave her plain directions how to proceed for the future, and was gratified by receiving a note from her friend in a couple of days, containing her thanks for the "very plain directions;" and adding, "I could not have thought it was so little trouble to procure *good* butter, and shall for the future be independent of a saucy dairymaid."

I believe that a really clever servant will never give any one particulars respecting her work. She wraps them up in an impenetrable mystery. Like the farmers' wives, who, to our queries, gave no other answer than, "Why, that depends;" they take care that no person shall be any the wiser for the questions that may be put to them.

The reader may safely follow the directions given in these pages; not one has been inserted that has not been tested by the writer. To those who are already conversant with bread-making, churning, &c., they may appear needlessly minute; but we hope the novice may, with very little trouble, become mistress of the subjects to which they refer.

Even if a lady does keep a sufficient number of servants to perform every domestic duty efficiently, still it may prove useful to be able to give instructions to one who may, from some accidental circumstance, be called on to undertake a work to which she has been unaccustomed.

A friend of the writer's, a lady of large fortune, and mistress of a very handsome establishment, said, when speaking of her dairy, "My neighborhood has the character of making very bad butter; mine is invariably good; and I always get a penny a pound more for it at the 'shop' than my neighbors. If I have occasion to change the dairymaid, and the new one sends me up bad butter, I tell her of it. If it occurs the second time, I make no more complaints; I go down the next butter-day, and make it entirely myself, having her at my side the whole time. I never find I have to complain again. She sees how it is made, and she is compelled to own it is good. I believe that a servant who is worth keeping will follow any directions, and take any amount of trouble, rather than see 'missus' a second time enter the kitchen or dairy to do her work."

Perhaps the allusion this lady made to the "shop" may puzzle the London reader, but in country places, where more butter is made in a gentleman's family than is required for the consumption of the household, it is sent to—what is frequently—*the* "shop" of the place, and sold for a penny per pound less than the price for which it is retailed by the shopkeeper. The value of the butter is set off against tea, sugar, cheese, and various other articles required in the family in which the butter is made.

When the writer purchased a third cow, it was in anticipation of sending surplus butter to "shop," and receiving groceries in exchange; nor has she been disappointed.

Every month's additional experience strengthens her conviction of the advantages to be derived from living in the country; and she takes farewell of her readers, in the hope that she has succeeded in convincing them that a "farm of four acres" may be made a source of health, profit, and amusement, though many of their "town" friends may threaten them with ruin, should they be rash enough to disregard their advice, to take a house in a "nice quiet street" leading into one of the squares.

☞ The illustrious Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, is said to have ordered all his library to be burnt after his death save one volume. When opened by his pupils it was found to be blank, except the following sentence writen on the flyleaf: "Head cool, feet warm, and bowels open will keep doctors poor." Dr. Twitchell, of Keene, North America, said to a young physician: "My principles are very simple. If the patient is hot, I cool him; if he is cool, I warm him; if there is pain or restlessness, I relieve it; if there are any irritating matters, I evacuate them: if any secretion is scanty, I try to make it free." Another physician said the word *cure* came from the Latin *curare*, (to take care of.) Chomel said, "Do good, or, at least, no harm."

☞ The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were passed for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis d'ors, he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtseyed, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she; "I now want something for the poor."

☞ Plato recognises in music the expression of our inner life, and gave to it the idea of the beautiful as foundation, which, as moral beauty, and united with the good, comes from God, and therefore leads back to unison with Him.

SPEAKING TOO SOON.

Mehitable Merit, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Why," thought she, "I wonder what he's come for; can it be—"

But we wont divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind.

"How do you do, Miss Merit?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You see, as I was coming by, I thought I would just step in and ask you a question about—that is, about—"

"I suppose," thought Miss Merit, "he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange."

"Oh, no," simpered Miss M., "I don't think it at all strange, and, in fact, I have been somehow expecting it."

"Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart, he means," said Miss M., aside. "Well, sir, it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me."

"I beg your pardon," said the discomfitted lady, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else."

"If," said Solomon, "there is anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it."

"Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Miss M., coloring. "Good-morning."

☞ SENSELESSLY CEEVIL.—A case has been reported of a country girl who thought it possible there might be an excess in such scrupulous regard to appearances. On her marriage-day the youth to whom she was about to be united said to her in a triumphant tone. "Weel, Jenny, haven't I been uncoo ceevil?" alluding to the fact that during their whole courtship he had never even given her a kiss. Her quiet reply was, "Oh, ay, man, senselessly ceevil."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

☞ Goethe calls architecture "frozen music."

Useful Receipts.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—Take a barrel that will not leak in the sides, with bottom in and top out, bore enough holes in the bottom that there will be no trouble in the escapement of the cider. Now take a doubled piece of flannel and lay on the bottom neatly, that no sand can run through. Place a layer of sand therein, to about the depth of six inches, then pulverize charcoal and make a very thin layer, then another layer of sand of same depth, again another layer of charcoal, the last, a heavier layer of sand. This barrel, with sand and charcoal, is to sit over a tub which the cider can run in. The process of cleansing now commences. Draw from your cider barrel and pour on the sand, &c., taking care not to stir up the sand much, rack the whole through, putting the rectified into another sweet barrel, in which, afterwards, put in a pint of mustard-seed, and your cider is fit for *any* company. To much charcoal is a damage as it colors it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TOMATO HONEY.—A. J. Gunnell, Rock Island county, Illinois, sends the following receipe, which he says is a very good substitute for honey:—Cut sound, ripe tomatoes in slices, and press the juice through a cloth. To each pint of the liquid add one pint of sugar, and boil the whole until of the consistence of honey, removing the scum as it rises. It may be flavored with lemon or other extract to suit the taste. The writer has tasted a very fine preparation of this kind made from the European Winter Cherry or Ground Tomato, (*physalis alkekengi,*) which was an excellent sauce for blanc mange, puddings, &c.

TO KEEP GRAPES FRESH.—The following is a French method. Glass bottles are placed upon simple wooden racks about the outside of the fruit-room.

"Cut the bunch of grapes on the trellis at the month of October, or even later, if it be possible. Let it be attached to a piece of the branch, including three or four joints below the bunch and two above. Put a little grafting wax on the upper end of this branch and introduce the lower end into a vial filled with water. The mouth of the vial may then be stopped with the wax. In order that the water may be kept unchanged, it is sufficient to add four grains of powdered charcoal to each vial. This addition keeps it pure during a whole year. It is not necessary to fill up the vials, the evaporation not lowering the level of the water more than two or three fractions of an inch in the space of six months. When the bunches of grapes are arranged as mentioned, we have nothing more to do than, from time to time, to cut away the berries that are rotten. It is essential that the temperature of the fruit-room should not descend below zero."

GINGER BEER.—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two oz. of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half-an-hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it, and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

TO CLEAN GOLD LACE.—Gold lace is easily cleaned and restored to its original brightness by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in roche-alum burnt, sifted to a very fine powder.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 5, 14, 25, is a town in Peru.
My 29, 31, 7, 29, 32, 6, is a cape in South America.
My 4, 3, 16, 6, 11, 27, was a King of England.
My 3, 25, 6, is an ornament of the head.
My 1, 17, 29, is a plaything.
My 2, 19, 21, is an evening entertainment.
My 20, 10, 11, is the name of a fruit.
My 26, 27, 27, 21, is the name of a river in the United States.
My 12, 32, 3, 1, 3, 6, 25, 13, is a cape of the United States.
My 8, 9, 3, 3, 21, is a useful animal.
My 22, 23, 29, is a part of the body.
My 21, 23, 24, 18, is a medicine.
My 29, 3, 23, 30, 17, is a river in Asia.
My 15, 25, 6, 3, is a small animal.
My whole is an institution for education.

LUCY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the light of day
Is passing away,
And darkness its bonds doth burst,
The mariner doth guide
His ship o'er the tide,
And measures her speed by my first.

Now dark is the night,
And no ray of light
Shines down from the stars above,
Yet there's joy and mirth
Round my second's hearth,
And eyes beaming with friendship and love.

Where you hear the bees,
And the birds in the trees,
And the works of nature meet,
In some pleasant nook,
In the wood by the brook,
My whole your eyes will greet.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A group of men are standing round
A place marked off on level ground,
Engaged in merry play;
And as they there their sports pursue,
Each one tries my first to do,
Until the close of day

The laborer who toils for hire,
When he comes home goes to the fire,
And takes my second there;
If you should ask why he does so,
The laborer would let you know
It drives away dull care.

On many a green New England hill,
When summer's sounds the air did fill,
In past and bygone times,
My whole was used—it gave my first
To those who were in music versed
And sung the poet's rhymes.

A. K. HOWRY.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A town in northern Italy.
2. A lake in Lombardy.
3. A river in France.
4. A river east of the Ural Mountains.
5. A cape on the coast of Africa.
6. A town in England.

The initials of these from the top, or the last letters from the bottom, will form the name of a celebrated poet.

Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. SMITH.

RIDDLE.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of everything,
The end of every place

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A drover purchased some cattle, consisting of cows and oxen, numbering in all 20 head, and paid for all of them $250. When selling them, he sold 2 more of his cows for $60 than he did of his oxen for $66; and he sold his oxen so as to gain on them as much per cent. as one cow cost, and his cows at such a price that he gained on them as much per cent. as one ox cost him, and cleared $40 by the transaction. Required, the number of each bought, and the price per head?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man purchased a tract of land lying in the form of a right-angled triangle, the distance around which, is one and a half (1½) miles: the length of one of its sides is 120 rods. Required, the number of acres in said tract?

Middletown, Ohio. L. HUGHES.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What's the difference between a donkey making a jump and a slumbering lion? Ans.—Why the one is asleep and the other's an ass-leap.

☞ Why is a cat's tail like a swan's bosom? Ans.—Because it grows down.

☞ Why is the heart of a lieutenant's widow like a deserted house? Ans.—Because it is left tenantless.

☞ Why is a newly born baby like a gale of wind? Ans.—Because it begins with a squall.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ A lock for the trunk of a tree.
☞ A few chips from a blockhead.
☞ A prong from the forks of a river.
☞ A brick from the house that Jack built.
☞ An arrow from the rainbow.
☞ Some works from the larboard watch.
☞ Some weights used on the scales of a fish.

W. W. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Hernando Cortes.
POETICAL ENIGMA—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Young America. CHARADE—Hare-bell. RIDDLE—Kansas. CHARADE—Swanns. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—A C=21, B C=28. A B=35.